

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN

SEPTEMBER
No. 65

COMICS 10¢

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
SM
★
9

BLACKHAWK
battles
the **THUNDER
BIRD!**





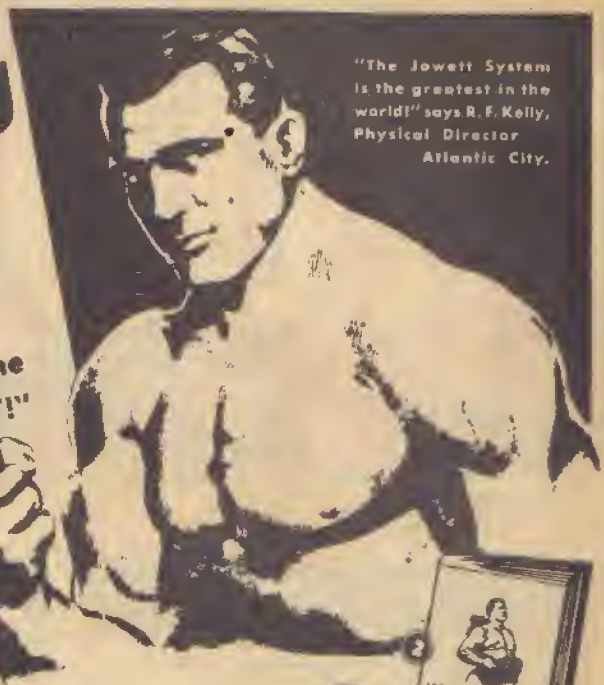
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

Let me **PROVE**
I can make **YOU**
TOUGH AS
TARZAN

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says **George F. Jowett**
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director
Atlantic City.

Give me 10 Minutes a Day

Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, hand-some men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how labby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Molding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the "thrilling strength" that will surge through your muscles. But better order all five courses for \$1.00!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT. WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS!



A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

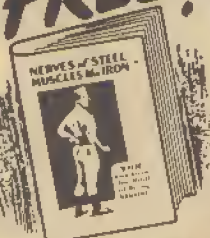


REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett methods! Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!"

SEND FOR JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

FREE!



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-79 • New York 1, N. Y.

BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These
FIVE Famous Courses
NOW in BOOK FORM
ONLY 25c EACH
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



FREE GIFT COUPON!



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y. DEPT. Q-79

George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with courses checked below:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 Picture Courses complete for which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs, 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip, 25c | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back, 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D. | |

NAME _____ AGE _____
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY, INCLUDE ZONE NUMBER)

ADDRESS _____

BLACKHAWK



With the lightning and storm,
came the mysterious

Thunder Bird!

From what deep caverns of the
earth did he take wing, this
monstrous creature of legend?

THE BLACKHAWKS, dark
knights of the skyways, wing
aloft to battle the strangest
opponent of their adventurous
careers!

Buffeted by storm, a cargo plane heads toward Thunder Mountain...

THAT'S A STIFF BLOW! WHAT'S THE GROUND LEVEL SPEED?

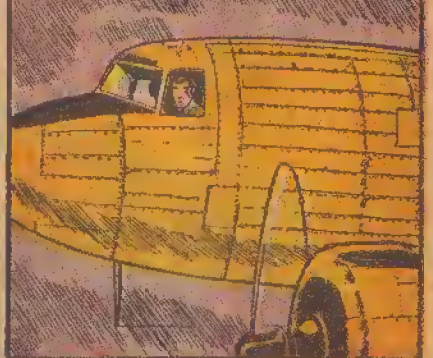


WE'RE MAKING A BARE SEVENTY-FIVE AGAINST THIS HEADWIND! CHECK THE ALTIMETER!

THREE THOUSAND! WE'LL CLEAR THE TOP OF OL' THUNDER WITH PLENTY TO SPARE!

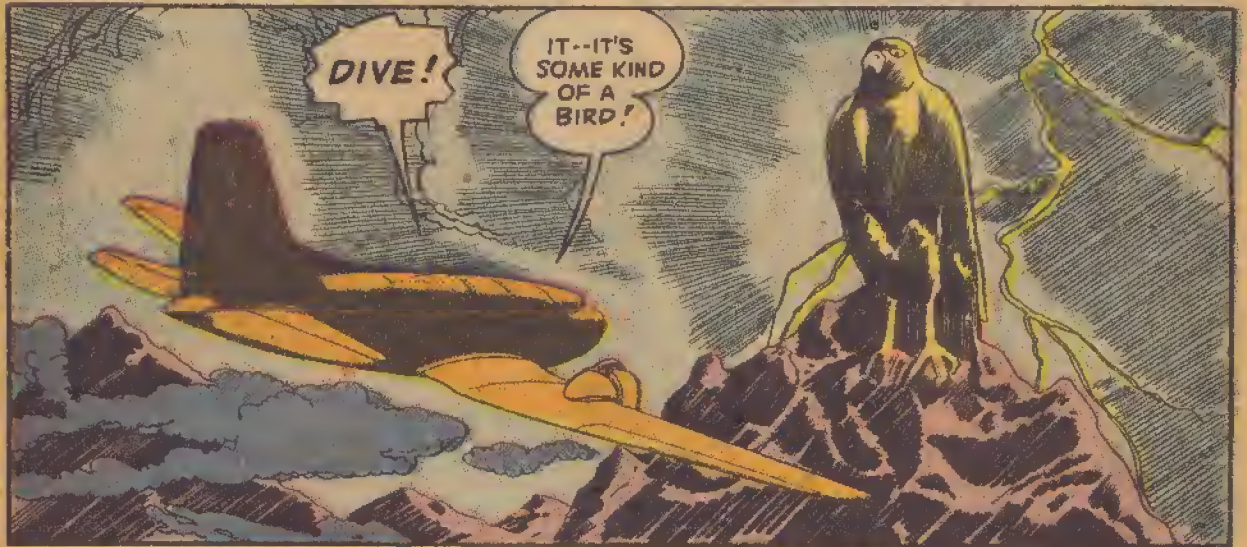


HARRY! LOOK!



DIVE!

IT--IT'S SOME KIND OF A BIRD!

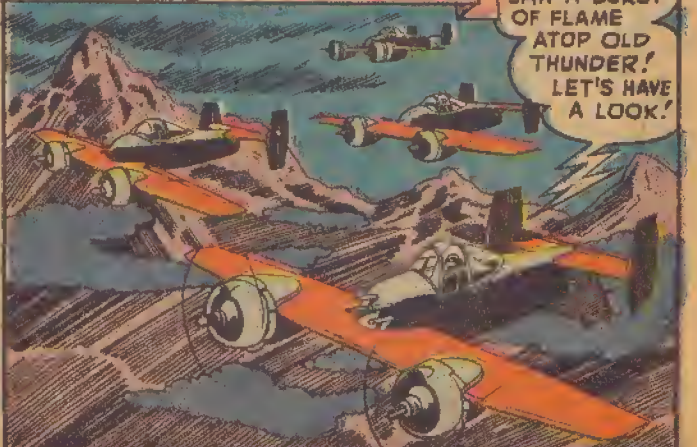


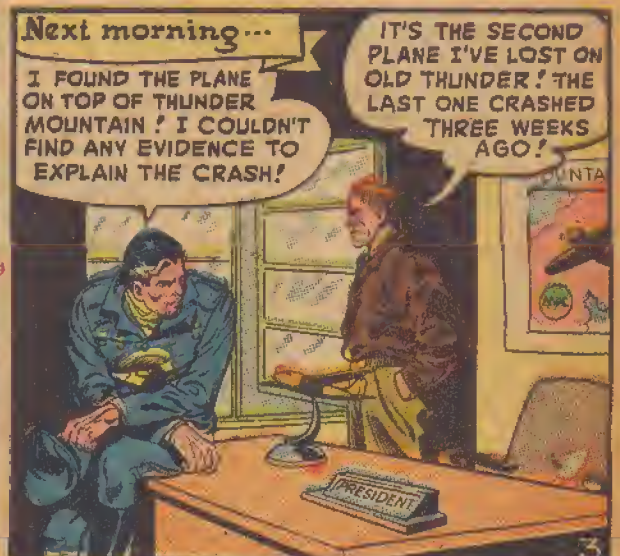
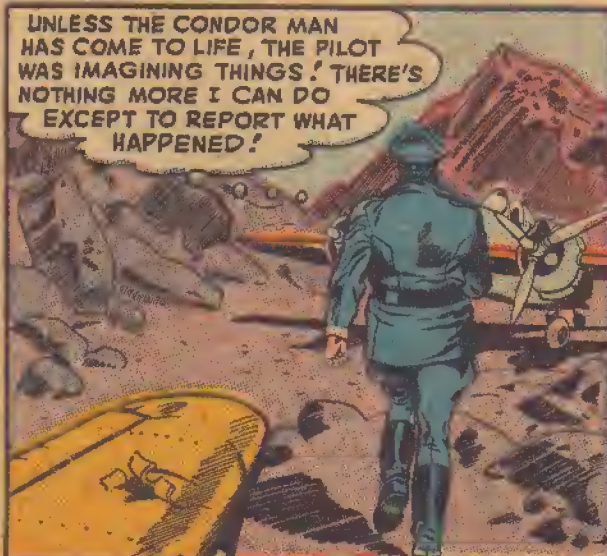
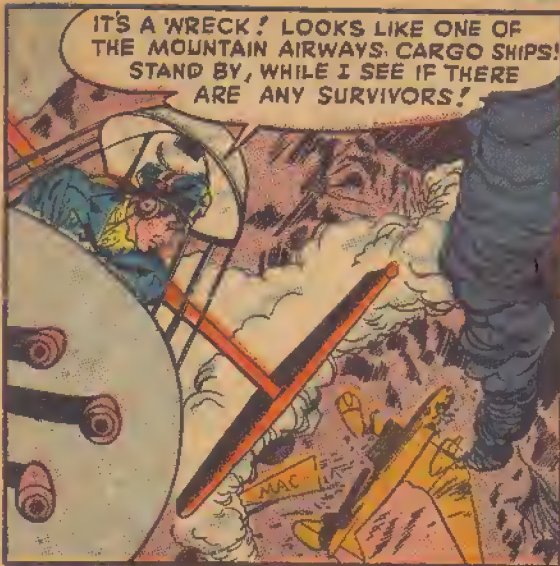
CRASSHH!

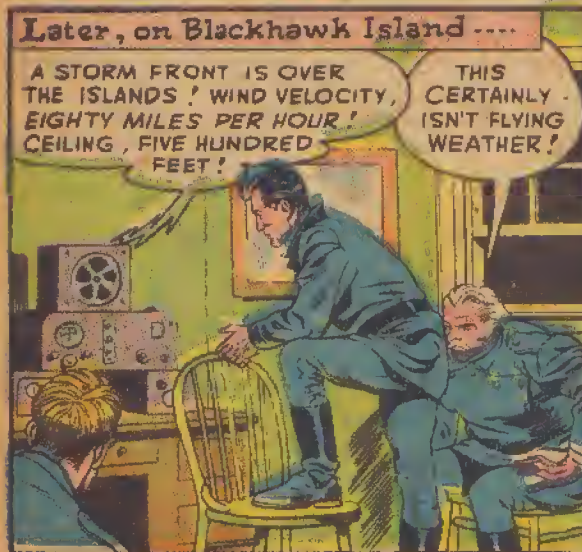
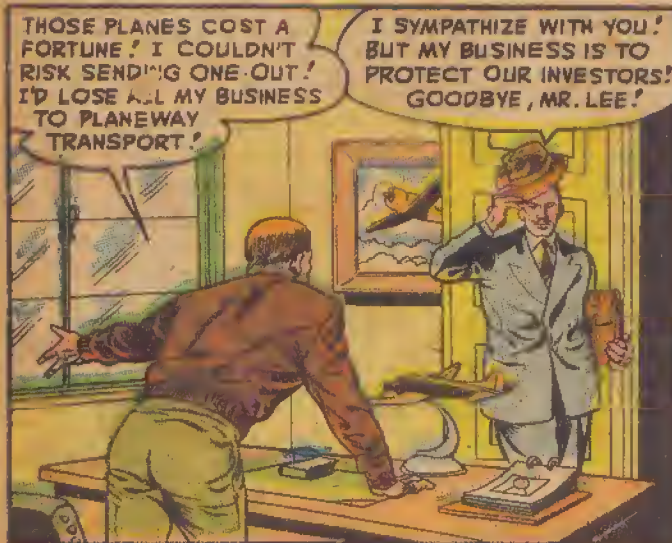


Not far from Thunder Mountain, The Blackhawks are flying a routine patrol...

ATTENTION, BLACKHAWKS! I THINK I SAW A BURST OF FLAME ATOP OLD THUNDER! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

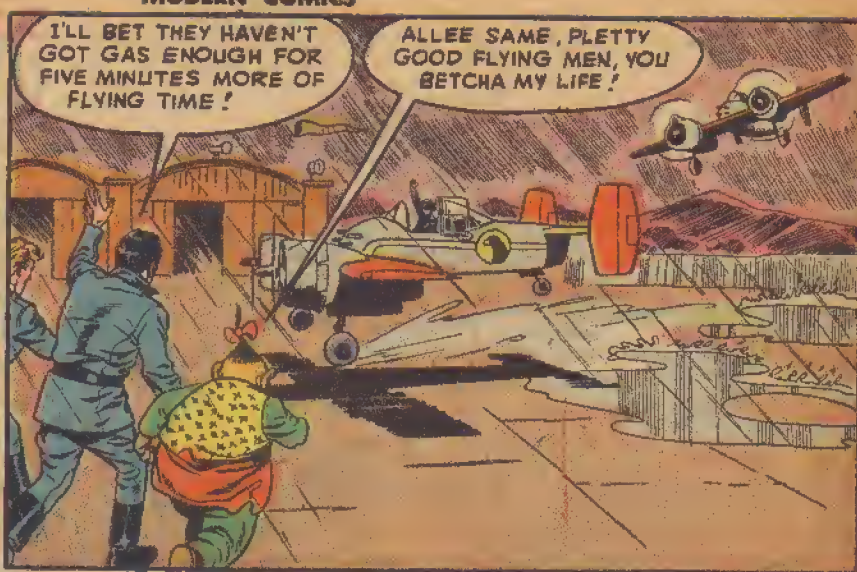








I HEAR PLANE MOTORS! THEY'RE COMING IN NOW!



I'LL BET THEY HAVEN'T GOT GAS ENOUGH FOR FIVE MINUTES MORE OF FLYING TIME!

ALLEE SAME, PLETTY GOOD FLYING MEN, YOU BETCHA MY LIFE!



BLACKHAWK! WE SAW IT! WE SAW THE THUNDER BIRD!

WHAT?

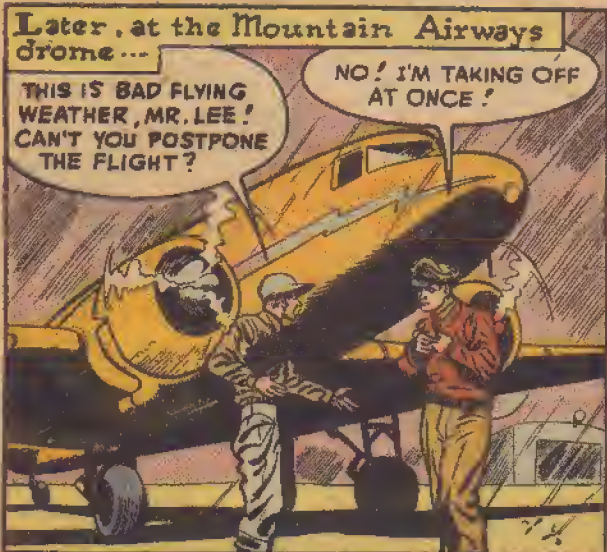


CHUCK'S RIGHT! JUST AS WE STARTED TO TURN BACK FROM PATROL, WE SAW THE BIRD OVER THUNDER MOUNTAIN BUT WERE TOO SHORT ON GAS TO INVESTIGATE!

IT MUST BE AN OPTICAL ILLUSION!



BUT IT'S STILL A MENACE TO PLANES! AND THERE'S A CARGO RUN DUE TO LEAVE MOUNTAIN AIRWAYS DROME IN HALF AN HOUR! I'VE GOT TO KEEP THAT PLANE FROM TAKING OFF!



Later, at the Mountain Airways drome...

THIS IS BAD FLYING WEATHER, MR. LEE! CAN'T YOU POSTPONE THE FLIGHT?

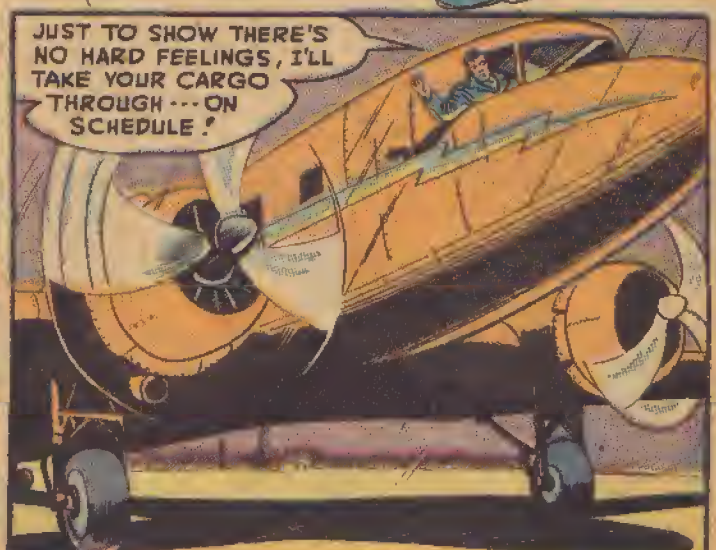
NO! I'M TAKING OFF AT ONCE!



HELLO! WHO'S THAT?

IT'S A BLACKHAWK PLANE, MR. LEE!

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**A few miles from
Thunder Mountain..**

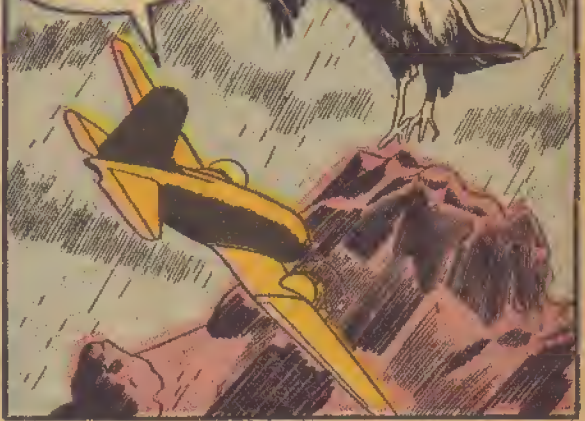
**ROUGH GOING IN THIS
STORM! BUT THERE'S
STILL NO SIGN OF THE
THUNDER BIRD!**



**IT'S GOT TO BE A
TRICK OF LIGHT
REFRACTION! PER-
HAPS THE LIGHTNING
AGAINST A MASSED
BANK OF CLOUD
MIGHT---GOOD
GLORY!**

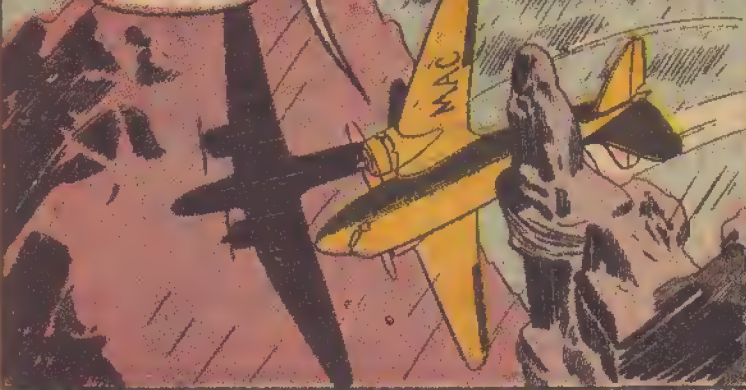


**THERE HE IS!
AND THAT'S NO
OPTICAL ILLUSION!
HE'S REALLY
FLYING!**

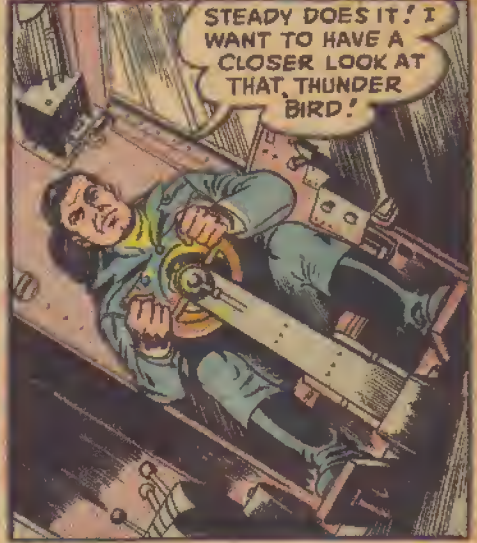


**Even Blackhawk's nerves are shaken by the
sight! But he recovers in time to avert disaster!**

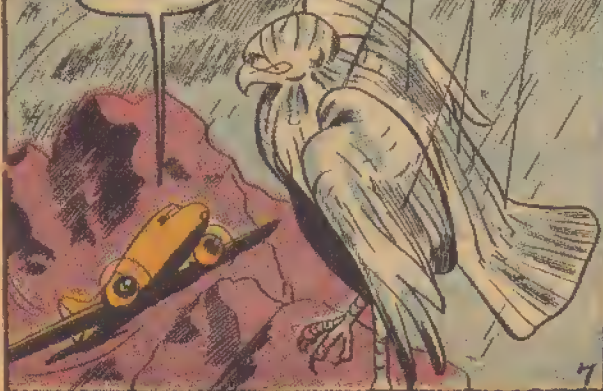
**WH-EW! I NEARLY SCRAPED
A SHAVING OFF THAT ROCK
LEDGE!**



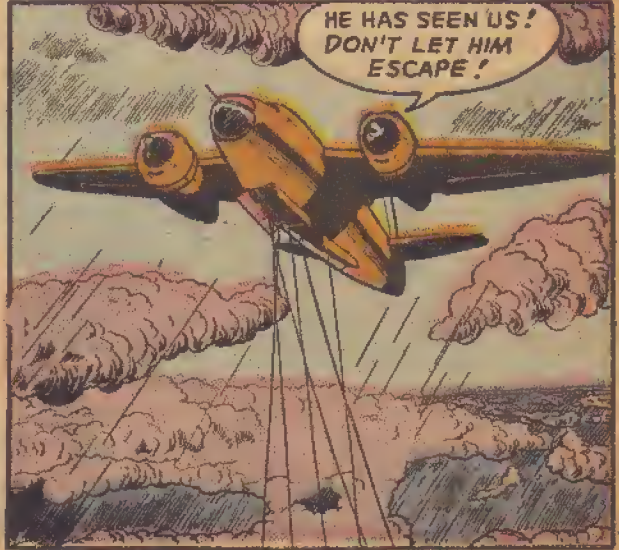
**STEADY DOES IT! I
WANT TO HAVE A
CLOSER LOOK AT
THAT THUNDER
BIRD!**

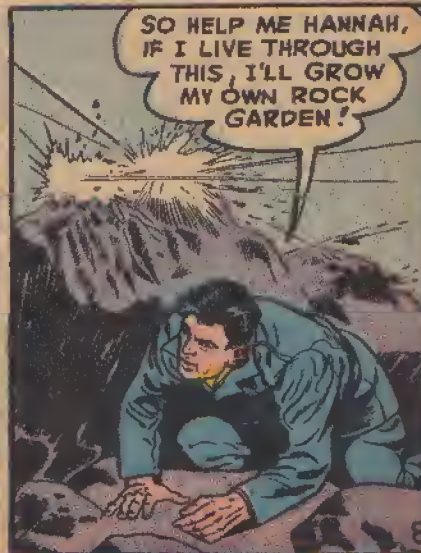


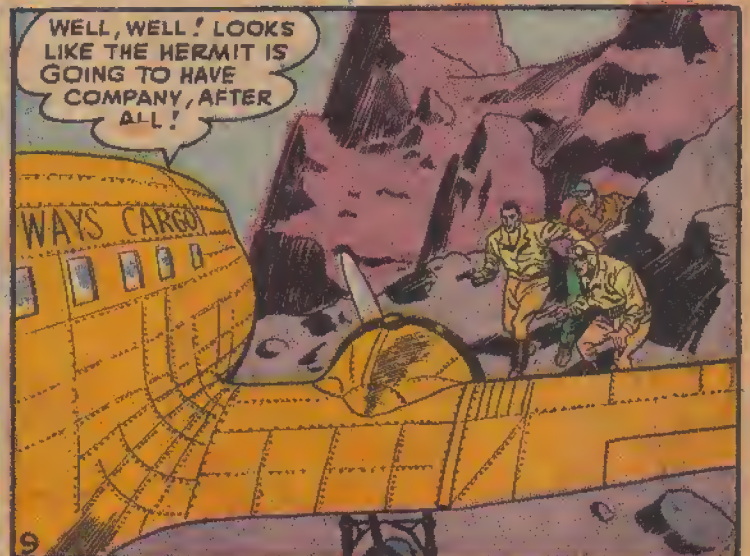
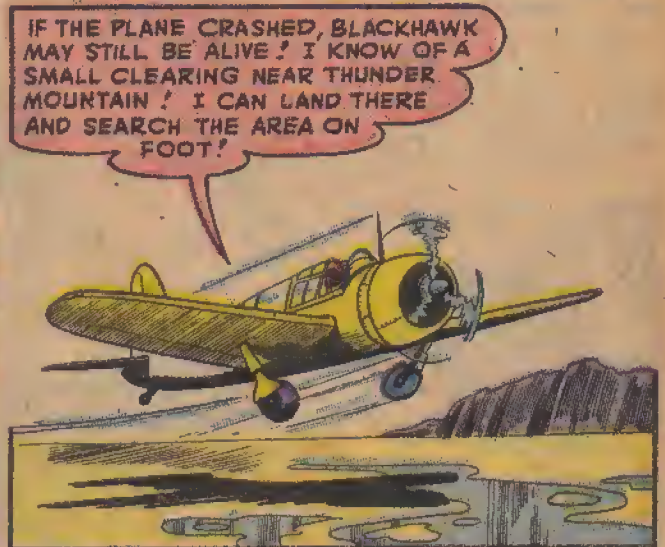
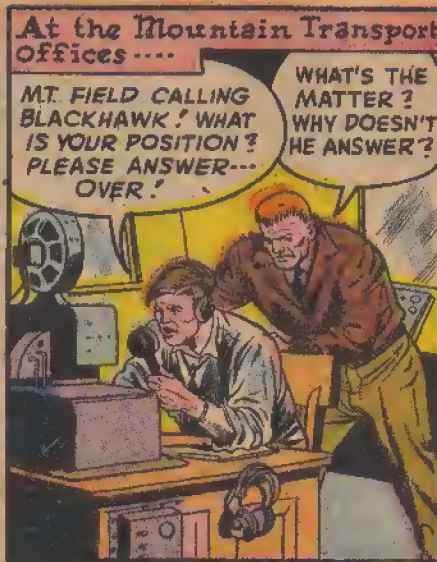
**SO THAT'S THE ANSWER!
THE THUNDER BIRD IS
NOTHING BUT --- A HUGE
PARACHUTE! AND IT'S
SUSPENDED FROM A
PLANE!**

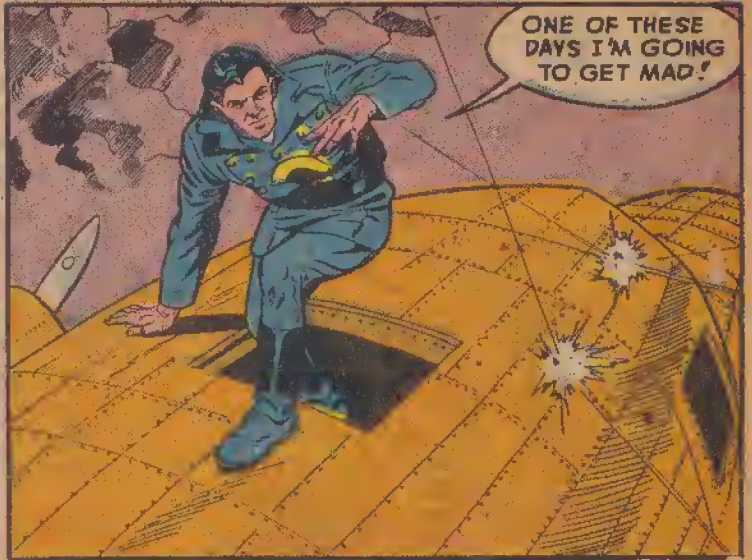


**HE HAS SEEN US!
DON'T LET HIM
ESCAPE!**











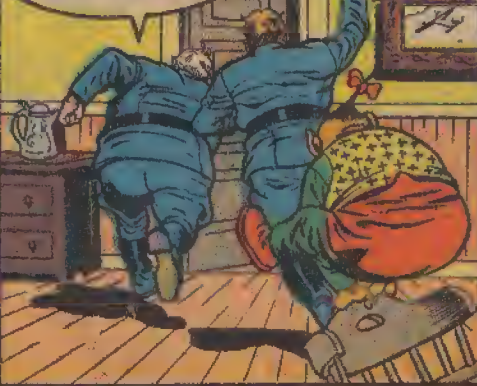


Meanwhile, on Blackhawk Island...

YOU SAY BLACKHAWK TOOK OFF IN A CARGO PLANE LAST NIGHT---AND YOUR BOSS WENT AFTER HIM? NEITHER OF THEM HAS BEEN HEARD FROM!



I JUST TALKED TO MOUNTAIN TRANSPORT! BLACKHAWK'S IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE NEAR THUNDER MOUNTAIN!

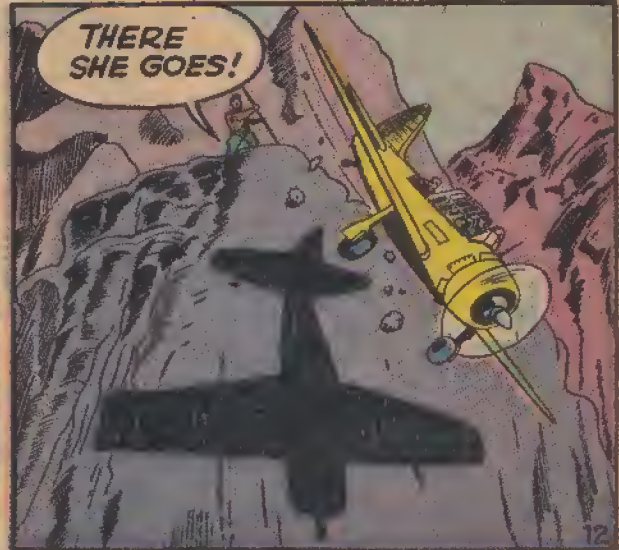
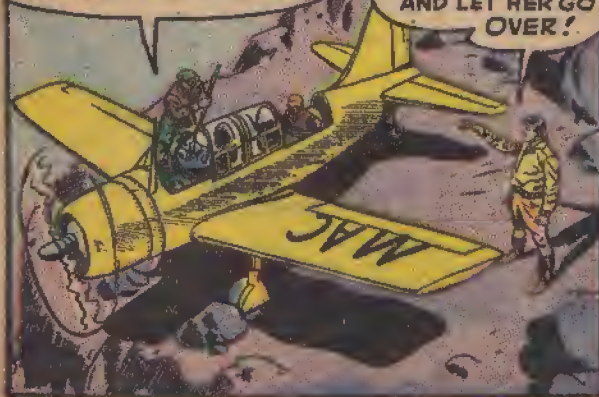


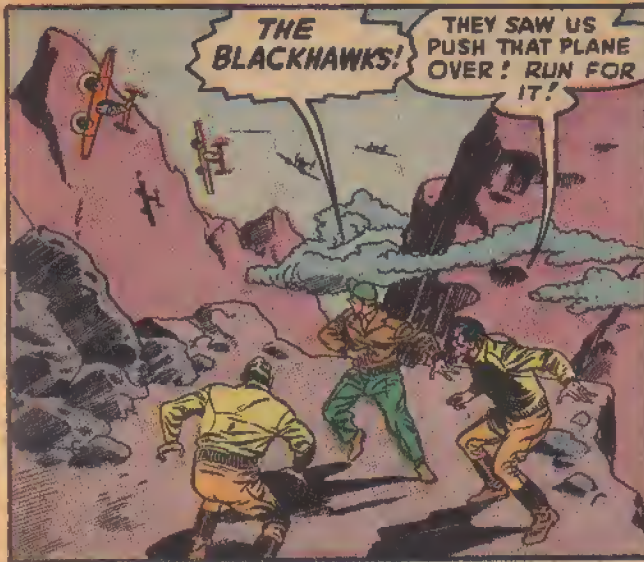
The battle cry of the Blackhawks rings defiance as their planes zoom aloft ...



But will they be too late?

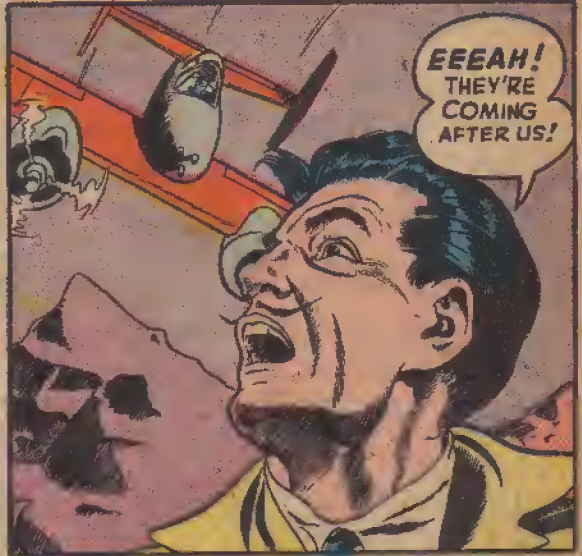
THE PLANE'S REVVED UP AND READY TO GO! THEY'RE BOTH INSIDE, BOSS---TIED UP SO THEY CAN'T MOVE!



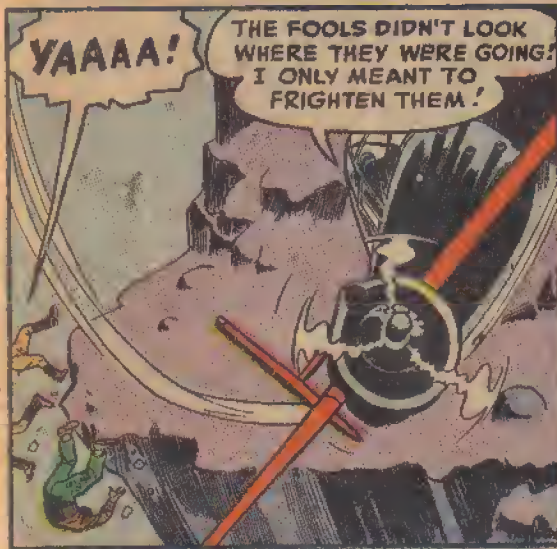


THE
BLACKHAWKS!

THEY SAW US
PUSH THAT PLANE
OVER! RUN FOR
IT!

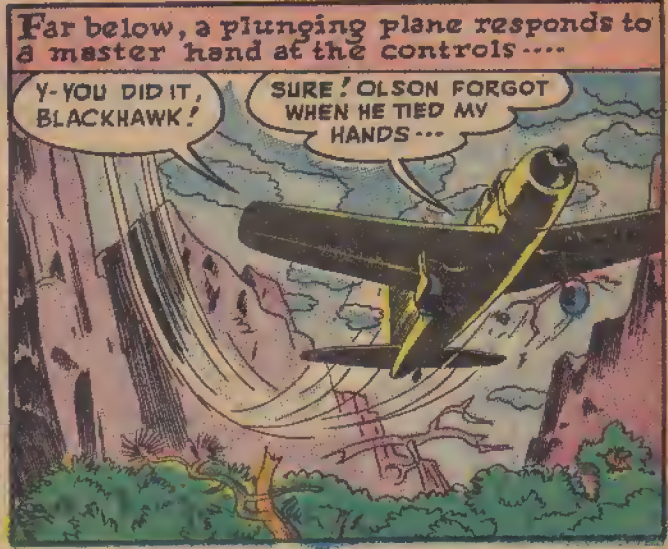


EEEEAH!
THEY'RE
COMING
AFTER US!



YAAAA!

THE FOOLS DIDN'T LOOK
WHERE THEY WERE GOING!
I ONLY MEANT TO
FRIGHTEN THEM!



Far below, a plunging plane responds to
a master hand at the controls....

Y-YOU DID IT,
BLACKHAWK!

SURE! OLSON FORGOT
WHEN HE TIED MY
HANDS---



...THAT I COULD FLY A
PLANE WITH THE JOYSTICK
BETWEEN MY KNEES! IT'S
AN OLD FIGHTER PILOT'S
TRICK!



Later...

OLSEN WAS THE
SECRET OWNER OF
THE PLANEWAY
TRANSPORT COMPANY.
THAT'S WHY HE TRIED
TO DRIVE YOU OUT
OF BUSINESS BY
WITHDRAWING YOUR
'INSURANCE'!

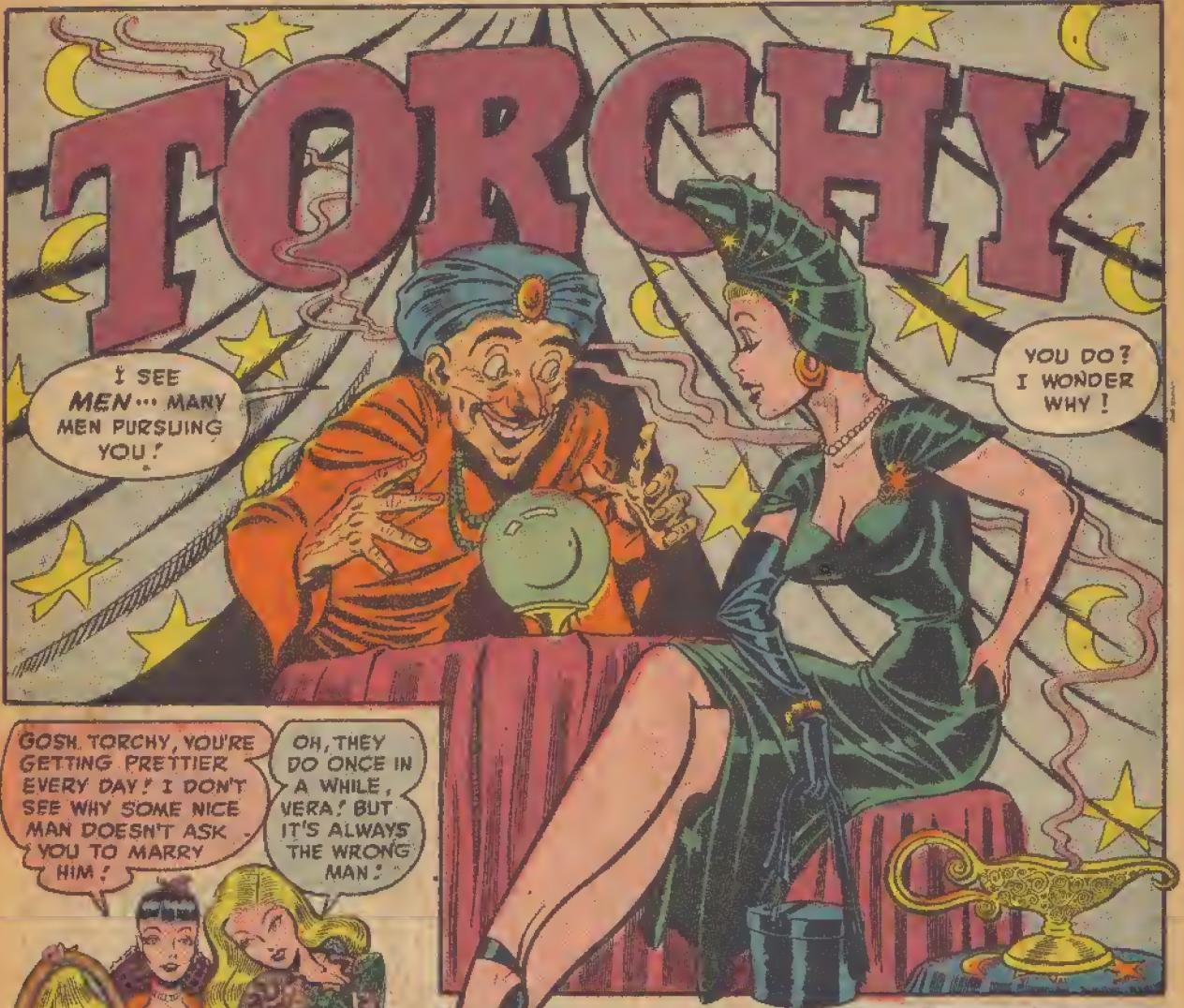
AND BY USING
THAT THUNDER
BIRD GAG
TO FRIGHTEN
MY PILOTS
INTO
CRASHING
THE PLANES!
IT NEARLY
WORKED.
TOO!



THE INSURANCE
COMPANY MADE
GOOD MY LOSSES!
I OWE YOU A
LOT, BLACKHAWK!
HOW CAN I EVER
REPAY YOU?

I'LL WIPE
THE SLATE
CLEAN,
PROVIDED
YOU'LL FOR-
GET THAT
SOCK ON THE
JAW I GAVE
YOU! I'M NOT IN
GOOD ENOUGH
SHAPE FOR YOU
TO START RE-
PAYING THAT!

TORCHY



I SEE
MEN... MANY
MEN PURSUING
YOU!

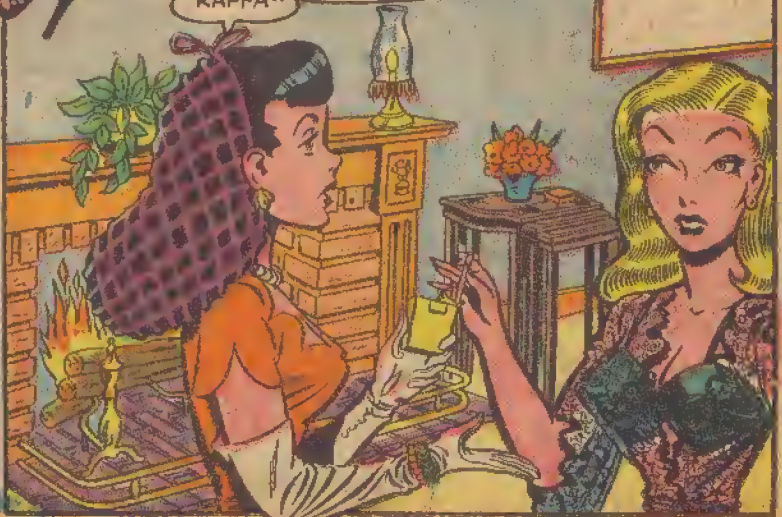
YOU DO?
I WONDER
WHY!

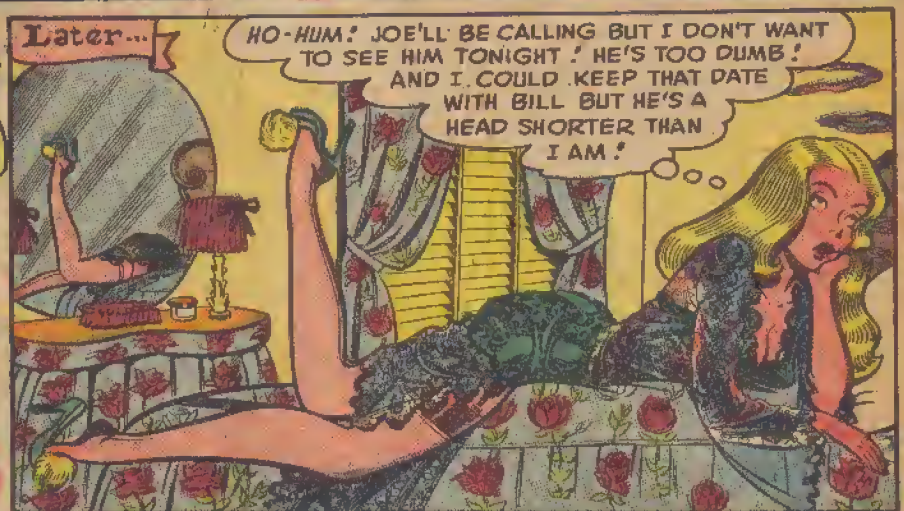
GOSH, TORCHY, YOU'RE
GETTING PRETTIER
EVERY DAY! I DON'T
SEE WHY SOME NICE
MAN DOESN'T ASK
YOU TO MARRY
HIM!

OH, THEY
DO ONCE IN
A WHILE,
VERA! BUT
IT'S ALWAYS
THE WRONG
MAN!

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS YOU
DON'T TRY TO FIND OUT ANYTHING
ABOUT THE FUTURE! NOW IF YOU
WERE TO GO TO SEER
RAFFA..

WHO'S
HE?

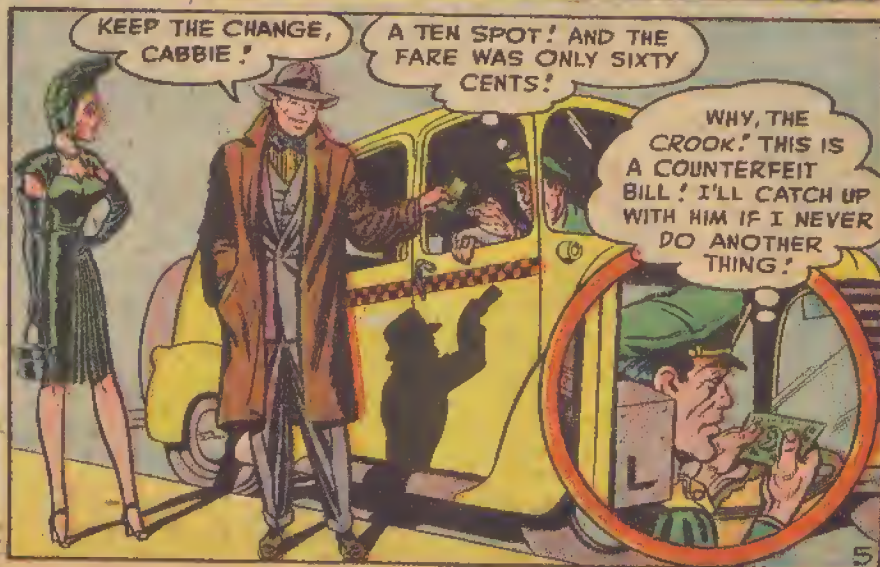
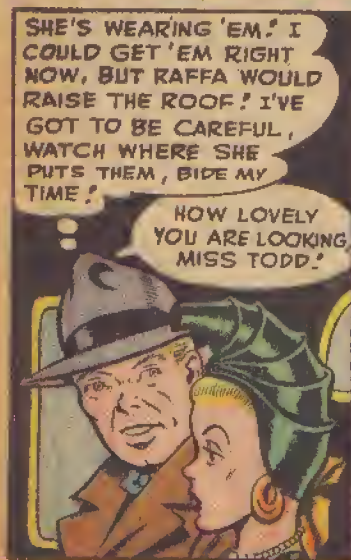




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Several days later....

I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO ACCEPT ALL THESE THINGS! BUT CONWAY DID SAY HE HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL ME TONIGHT! IF IT'S A PROPOSAL, I GUESS IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT TO KEEP THEM.



THAT'S THE GUY! I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AT LAST! I'LL GET A COP!



I'VE GOT TO GET THE ICE TODAY! RAFFA'S INVESTED SEVEN GRAND IN THIS DEAL ALREADY!

THE STUFF I BOUGHT HER IS ALL OVER THE PLACE! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHERE SHE KEEPS THOSE THREE VALUABLE PIECES OF JEWELRY!

MY DEAR PAMELA! YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE JEWELRY LYING AROUND LIKE THIS! LET ME PUT IT AWAY FOR YOU!



JUST DROP THEM IN THE BOX IN THAT TOP DRAWER! AND, CONWAY, WHY DO YOU ALWAYS CALL ME PAMELA?

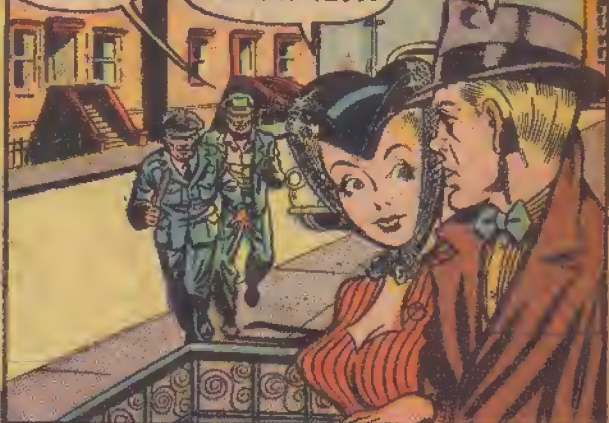
IT? YOU'VE PROBABLY GOTTEN USED TO SOME NICK-NAME AND DON'T LIKE PAMELA! LET'S GO TO DINNER AND YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!



THAT'S HIM, OFFICER! HE GAVE ME THAT PHONY TEN!

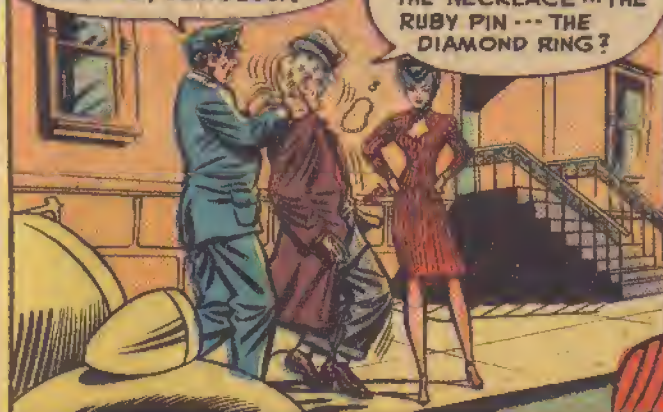
BUT MY NAME NEVER WAS PAMELA! IT'S TORCHY --- TORCHY TODD!

HUH? AND YOU'RE NOT AN HEIRESS? OHHHH!



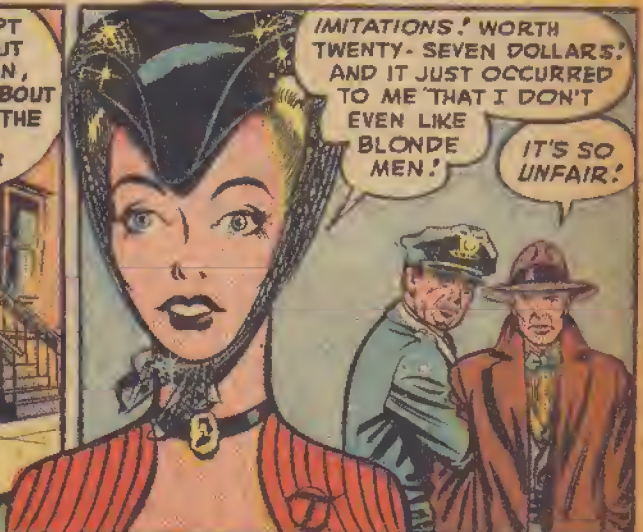
JAKE JACKSON! I WONDERED WHAT YOU AND RAFFA WERE DOING! A LITTLE LARCENY WITH COUNTERFEITING AS A SIDELINE, OBVIOUSLY!

DON'T INTERRUPT ME, COPPER! BUT PAMELA... I MEAN, TORCHY... WHAT ABOUT THE NECKLACE... THE RUBY PIN... THE DIAMOND RING?



IMITATIONS! WORTH TWENTY-SEVEN DOLLARS! AND IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME THAT I DON'T EVEN LIKE BLONDE MEN!

IT'S SO UNFAIR!



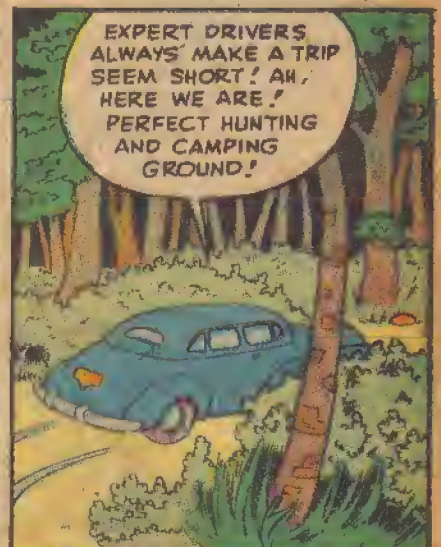
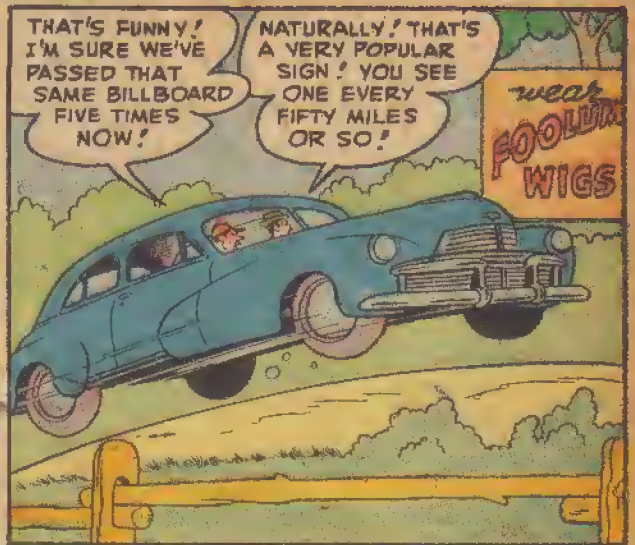
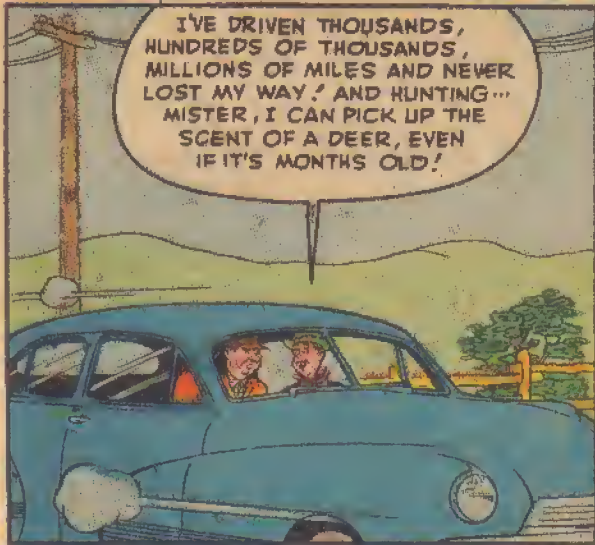
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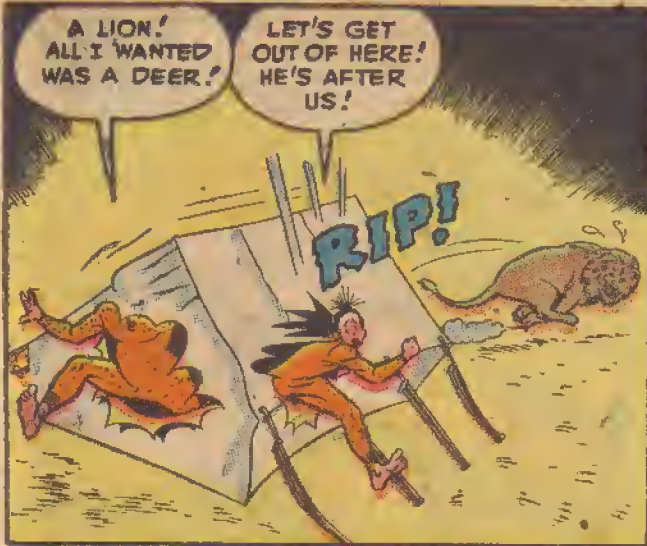
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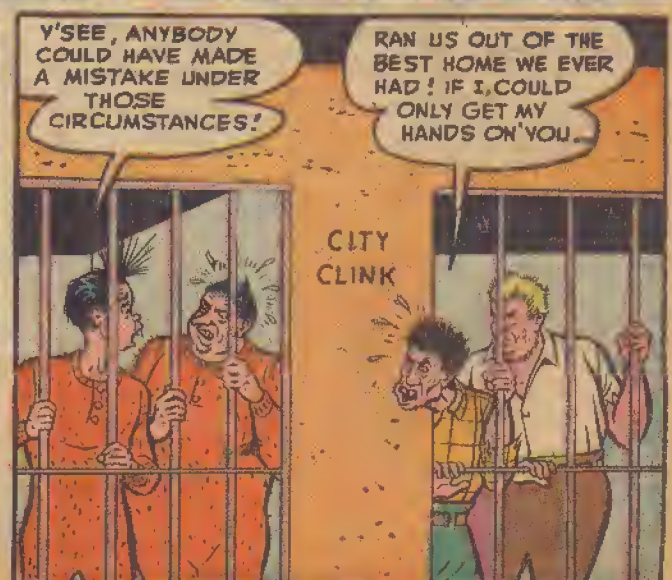




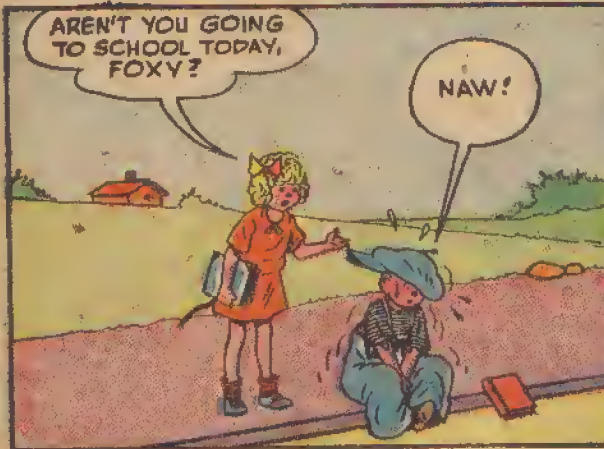




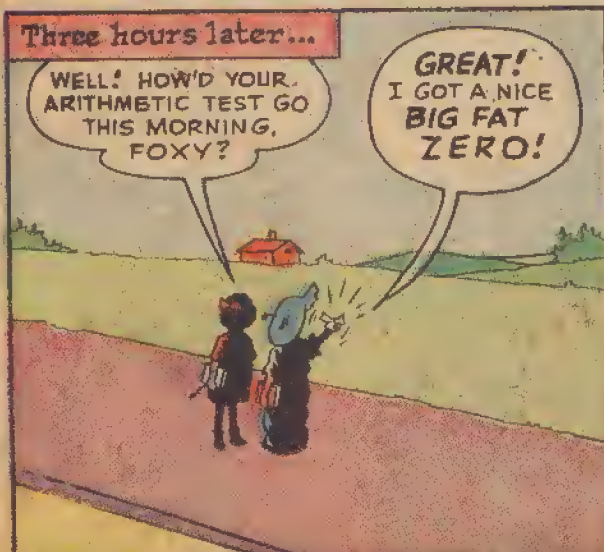
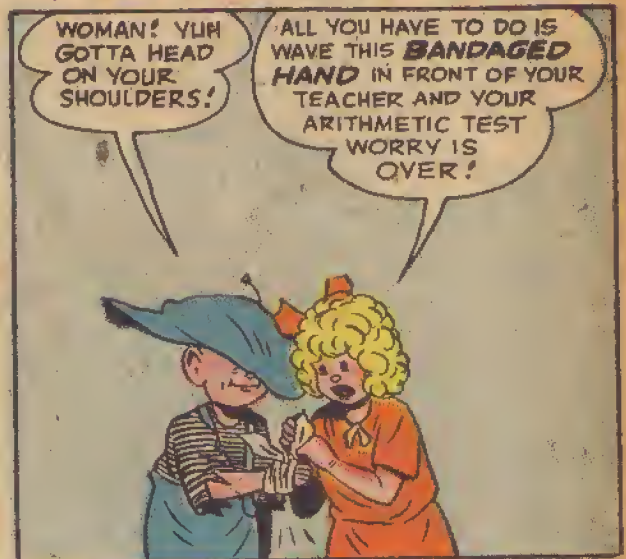
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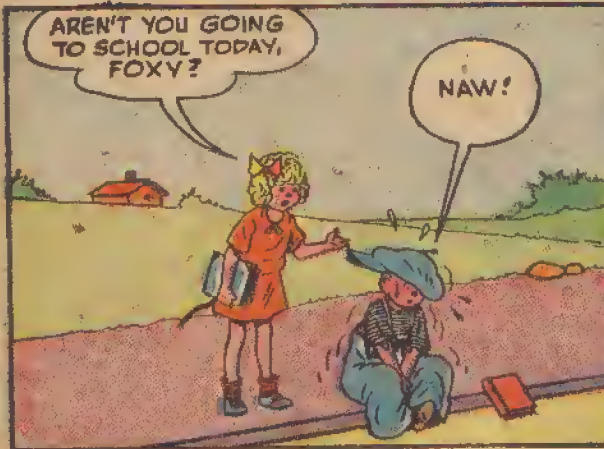
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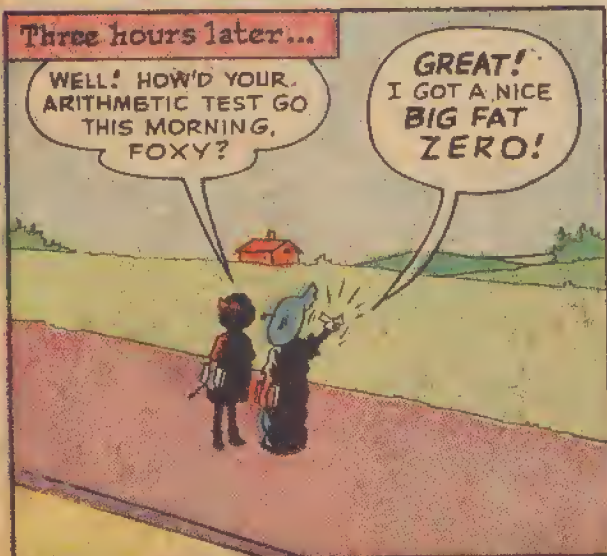
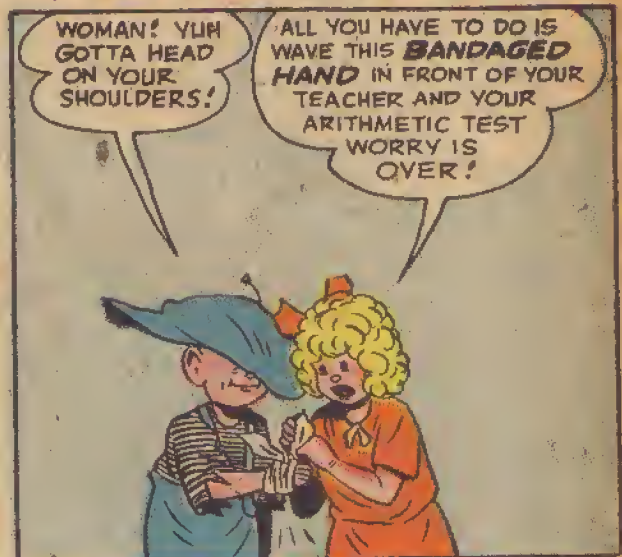
FOXY! I GOT IT...I HAVE THE SOLUTION TO YOUR ARITHMETIC PROBLEM! LEAVE ME HAVE YOUR **HANDKERCHIEF!**



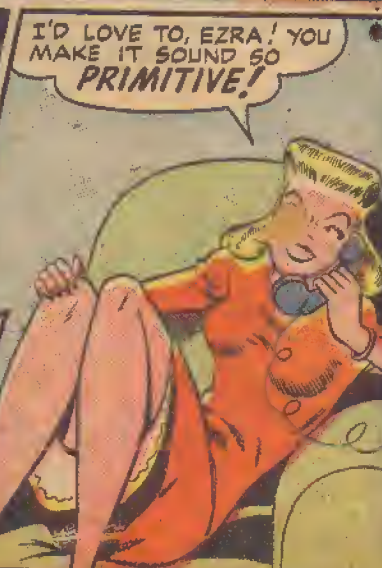
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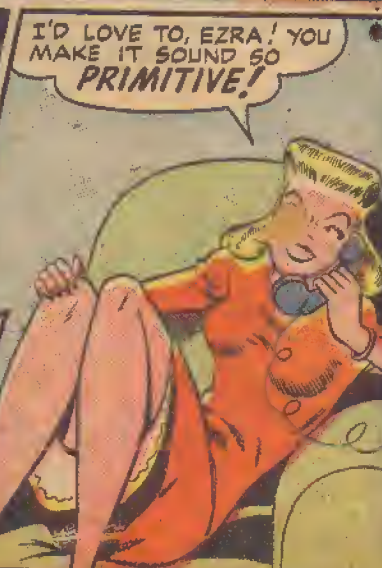
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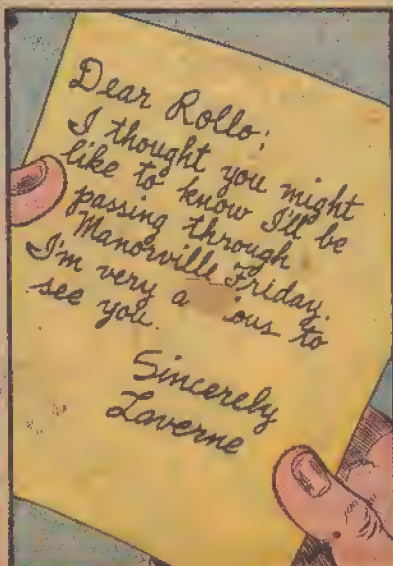
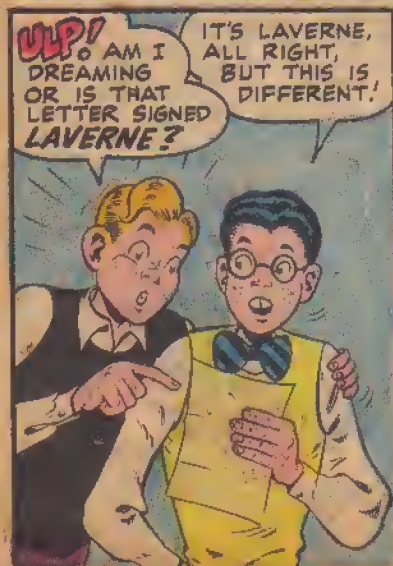
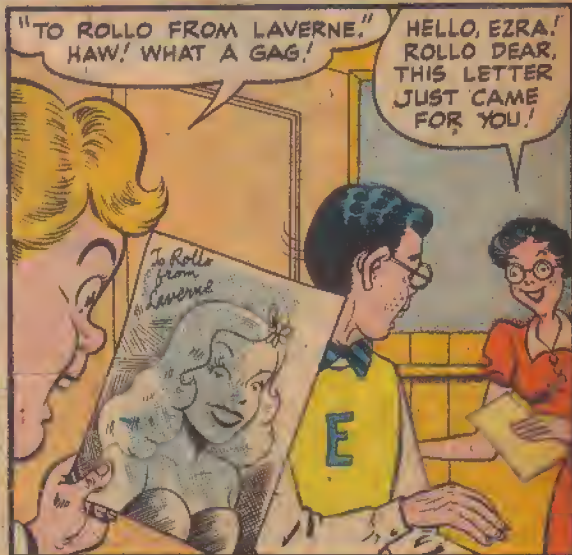
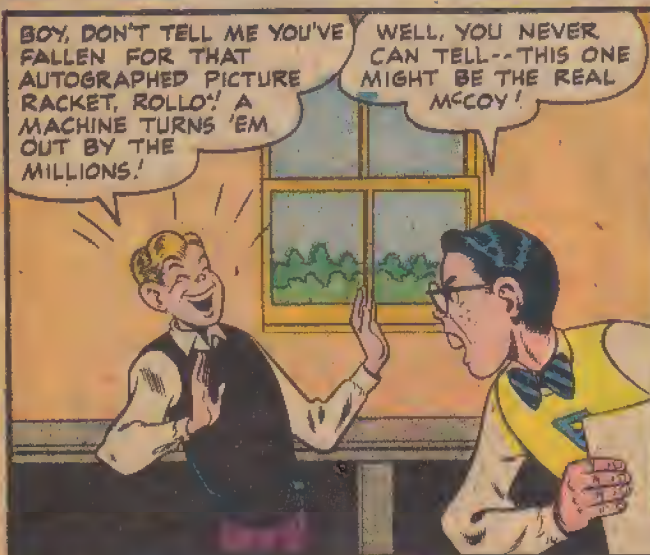
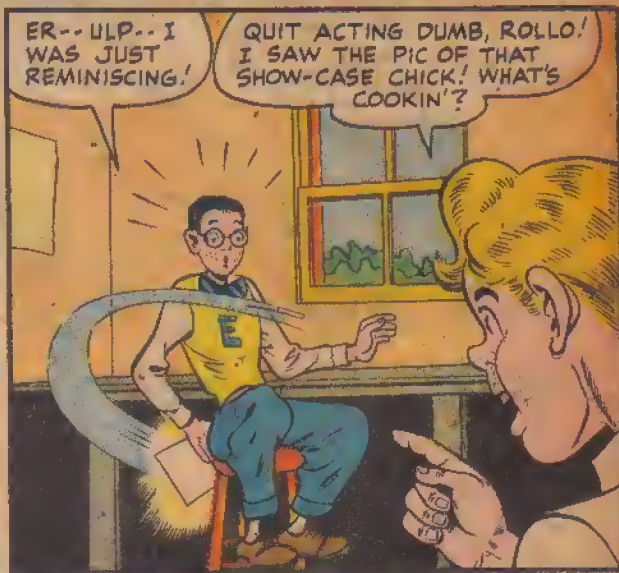
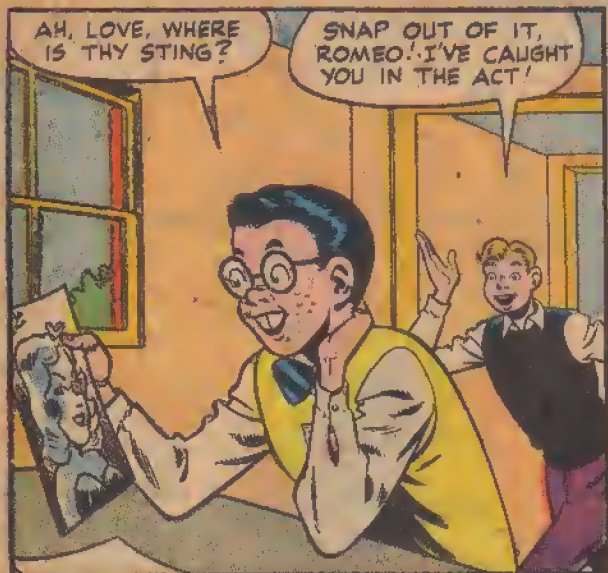


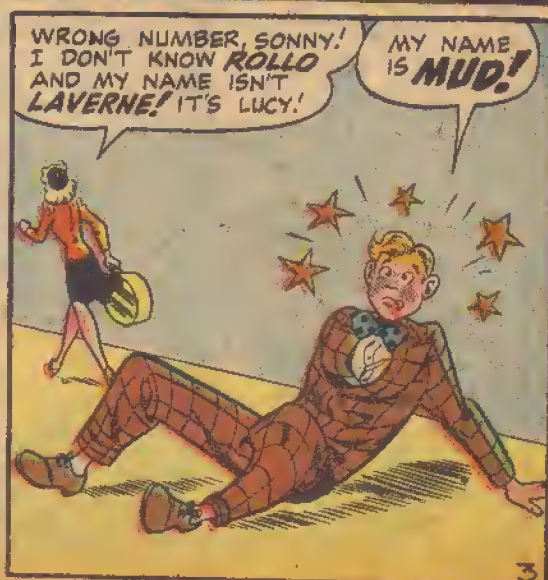
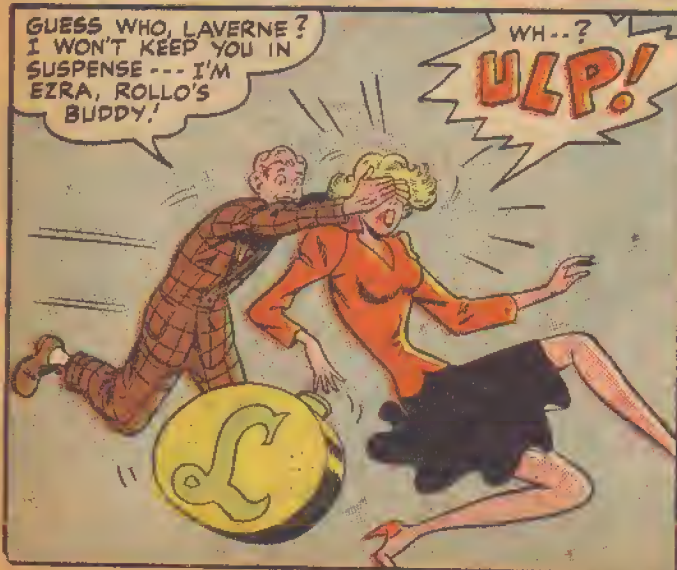
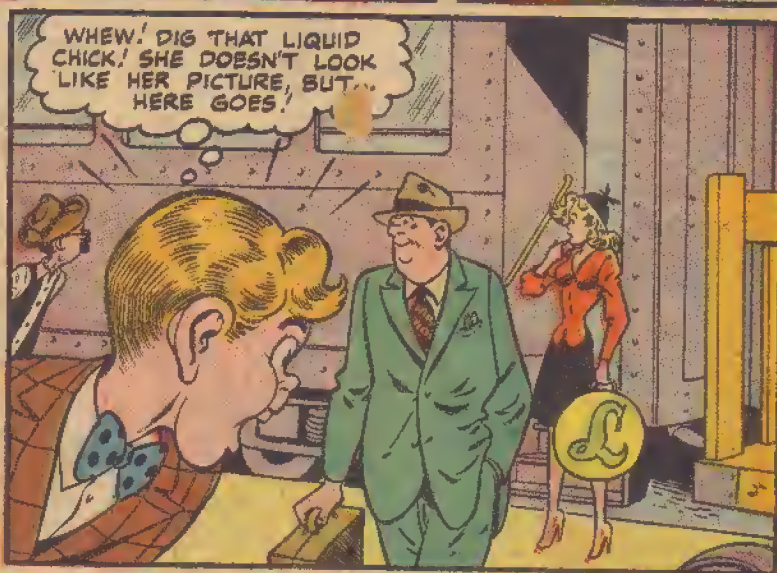
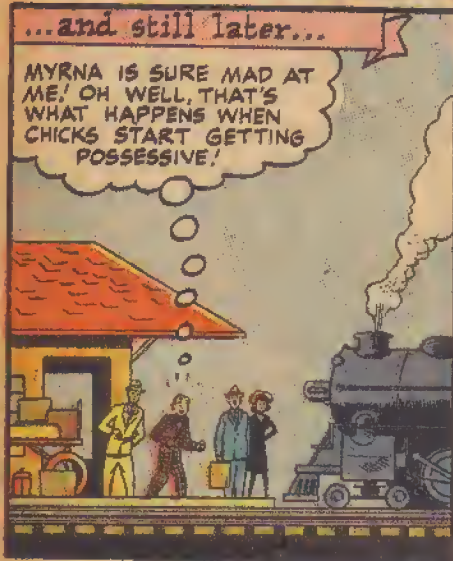
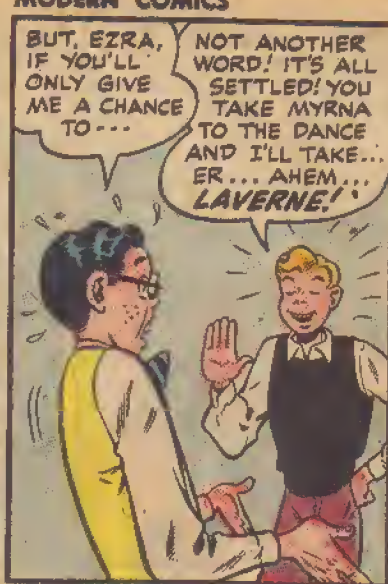
EZRA

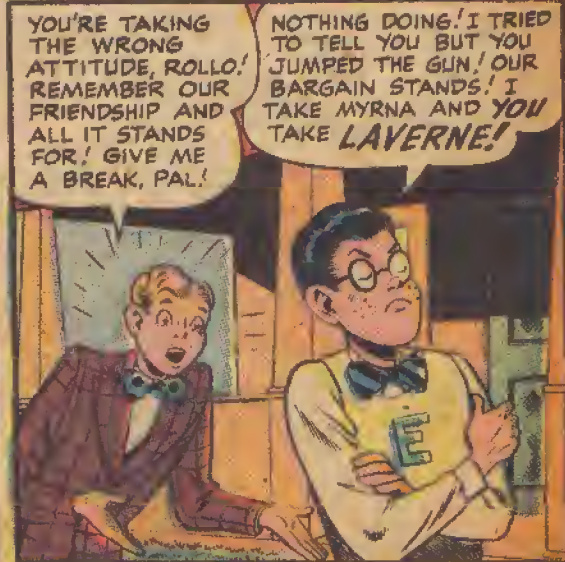
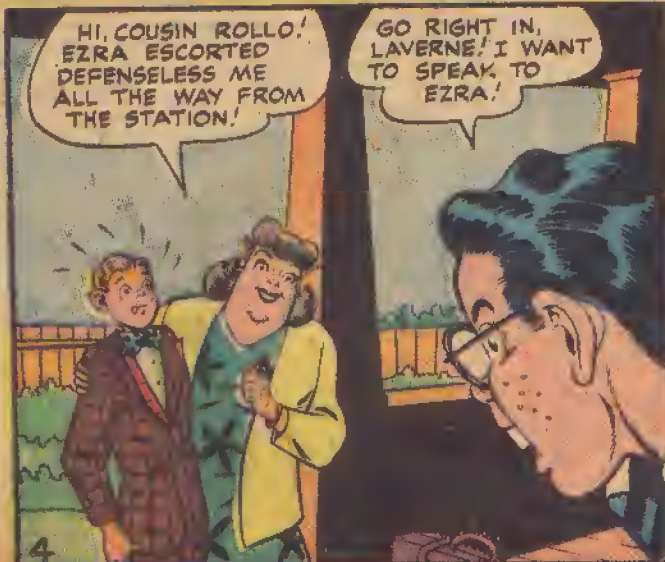
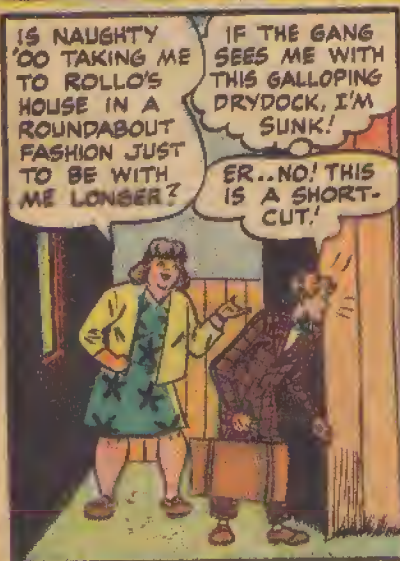
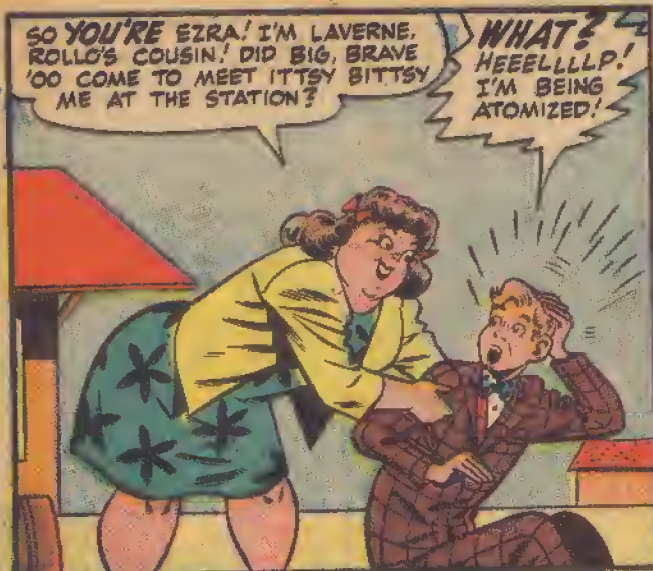


EZRA









Evening...

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LEARN TO KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT? LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND ANSWER!

IF I CAN MAKE IT TO THE CLUB WITHOUT THE MENACE SEEING ME, I'LL BE OKAY!

HEY, YOU! GET OUT OF THEM SHADOWS AND WALK THE STREET LIKE A SELF-RESPECTING CITIZEN!

Y-YES, SIR!

WHEW! SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW TO LOSE MYSELF IN THE CROWD!

TONITE
DANCE
= REFRESHMENTS =

OH, THERE YOU ARE! DID POOR 'LITTLE 'OO THINK BABY ME WASN'T GOING TO SHOW UP?

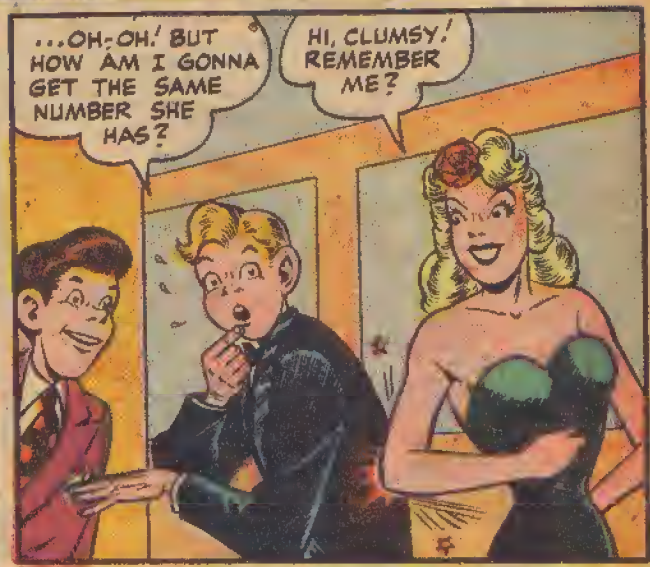
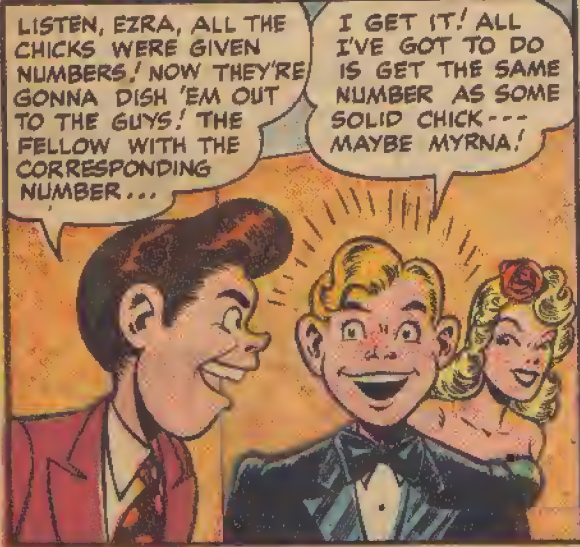
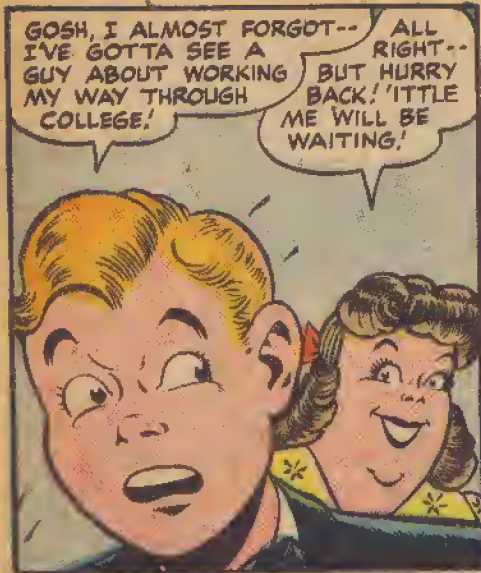
GULP! N-NO! I I W-WAS JUST HOPING!

HI, EZRA! IS 'LITTLE 'OO HAVING A GOOD TIME?

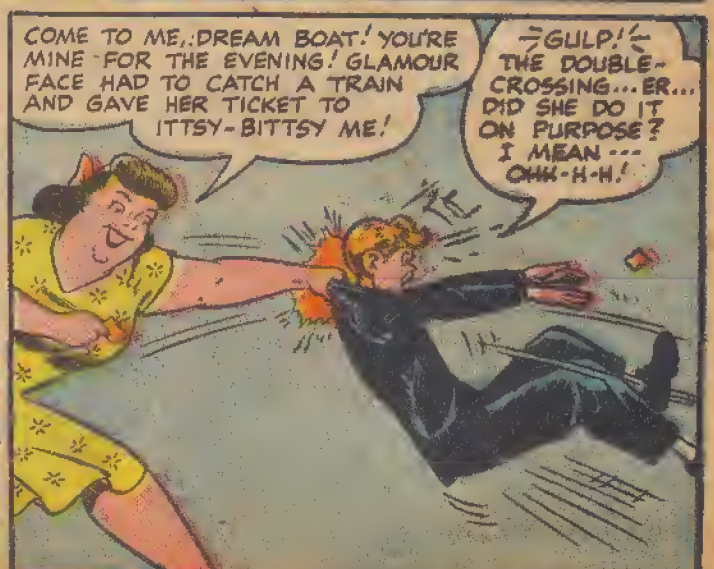
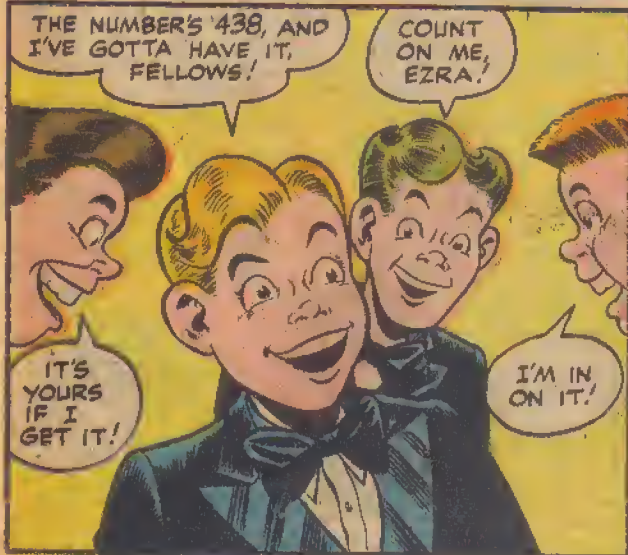
OH, FIND ME A ROCK TO CRAWL UNDER!

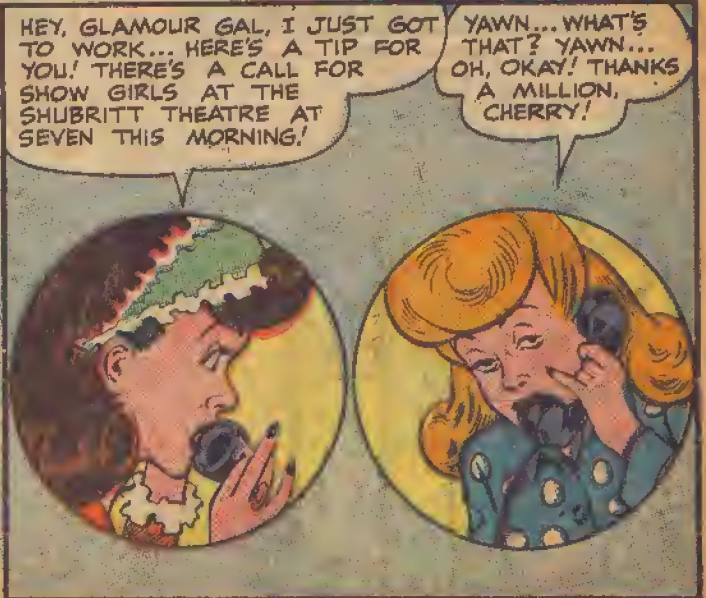
YOU DANCE DIVINELY, EZRA! ISN'T THE FLOOR SLIPPERY TONIGHT?

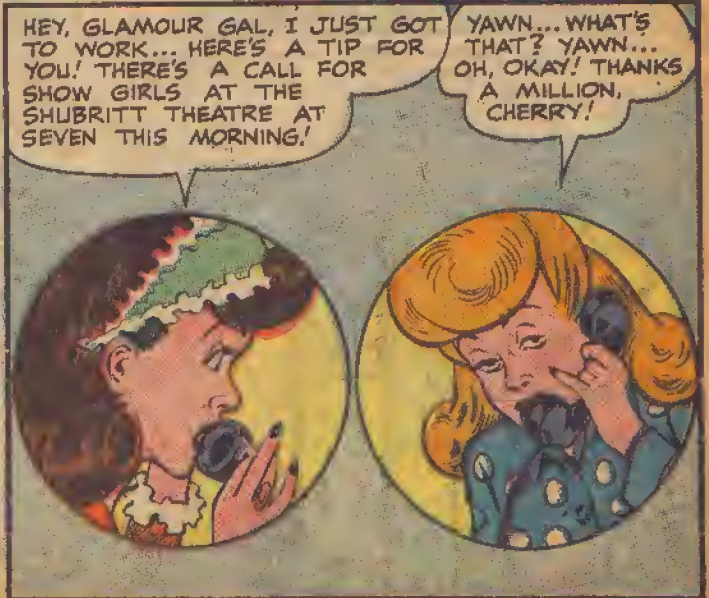
IT'S NOT THE FLOOR--I JUST HAD MY SHOES SHINED!

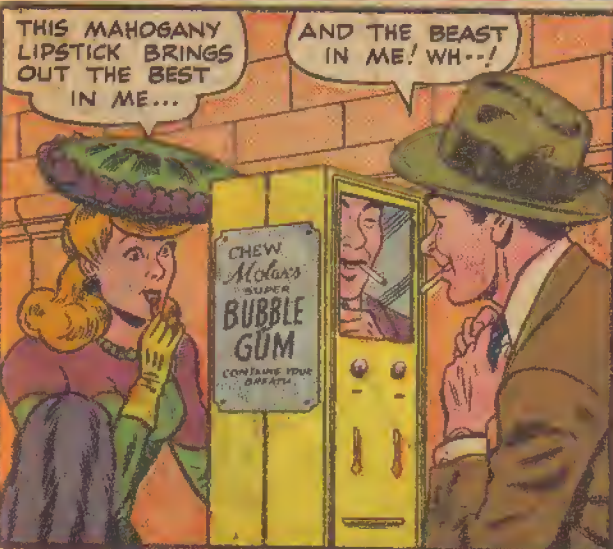
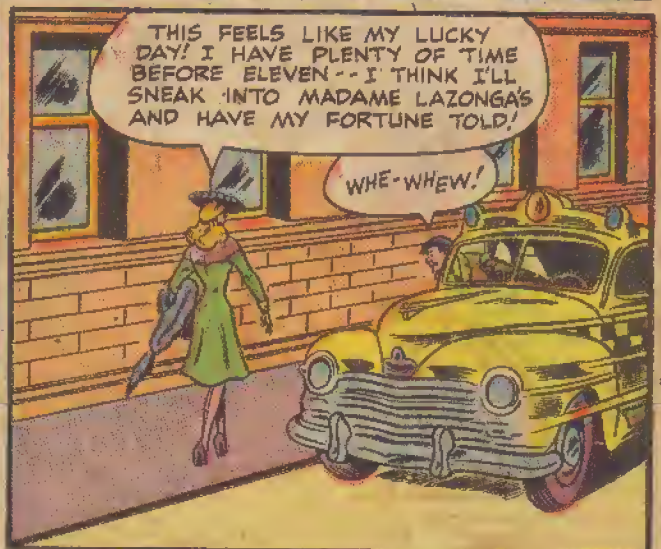


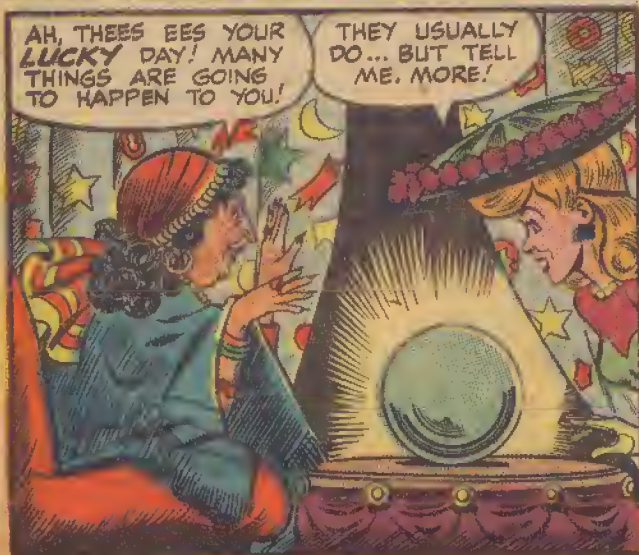
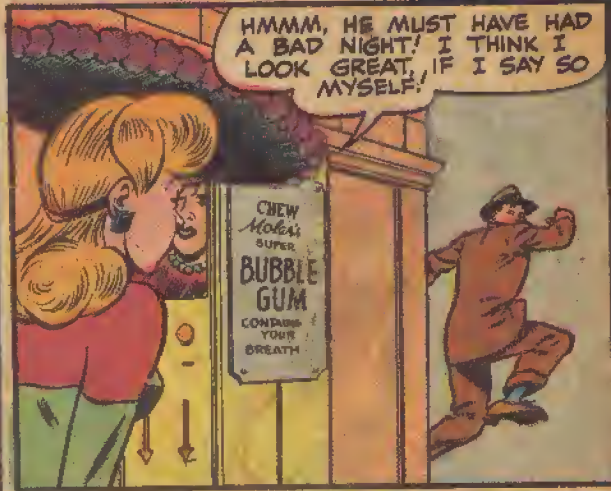
MODERN COMICS











YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THE SIGN OF ARIES IS OPPOSED TO ZE SIGN OF CAPRICORN... AND YOU ARE CAPRICORN!

G-GOSH, DON'T LEAVE ME DANGLING! I STILL DON'T GET IT!



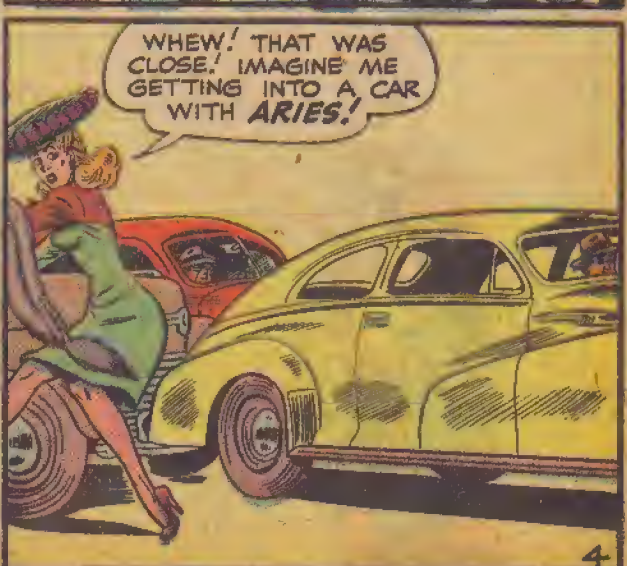
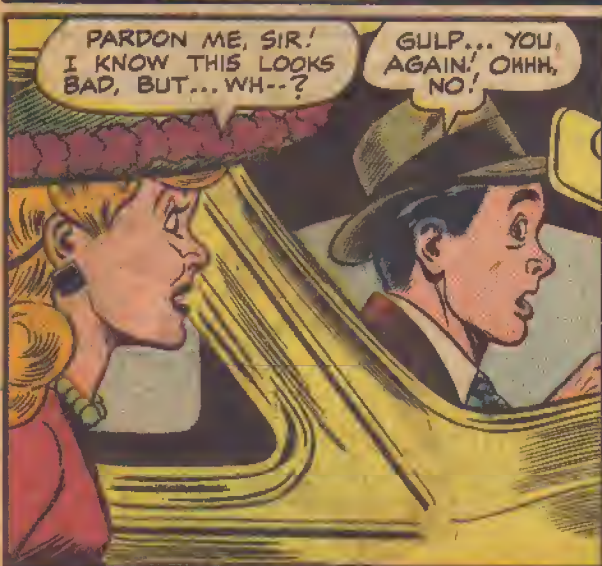
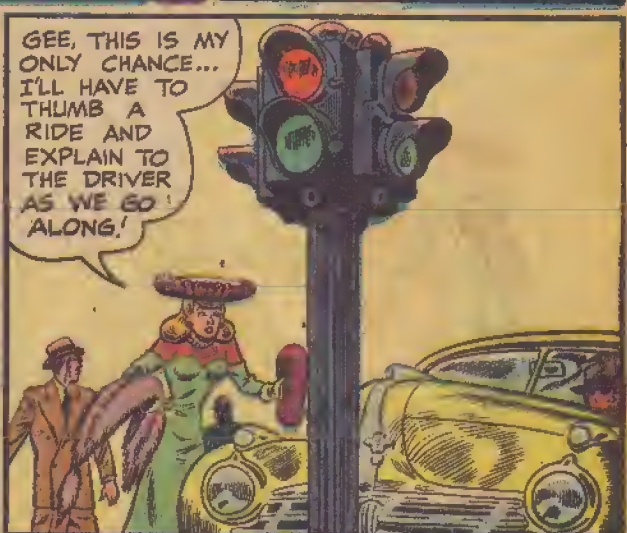
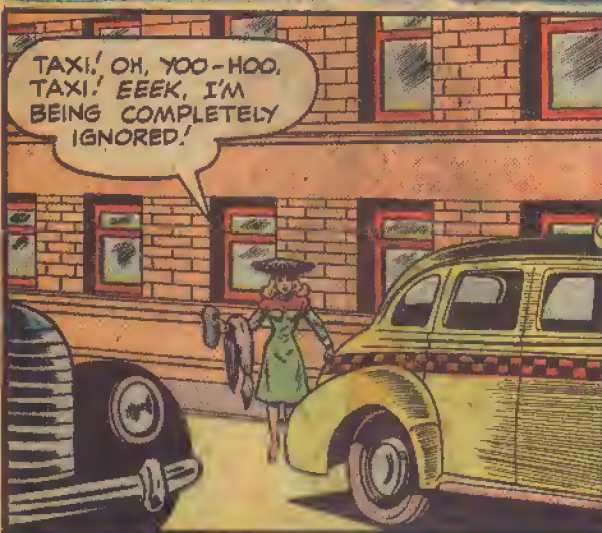
TODAY YOU MUST BEWARE OF A TALL, DARK, VERREE HANDSOME LOOKING YOUNG MAN! HIS IS ZE SIGN OF ARIES!

A TALL, HANDSOME... BUT... GOSH! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HIM! THAT WAS HIM!

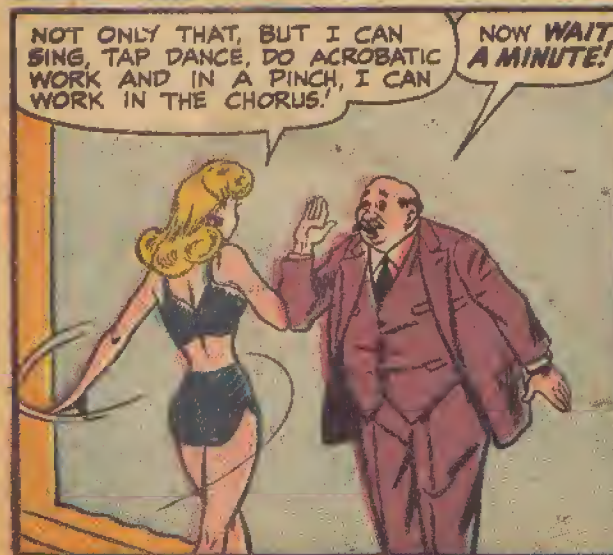
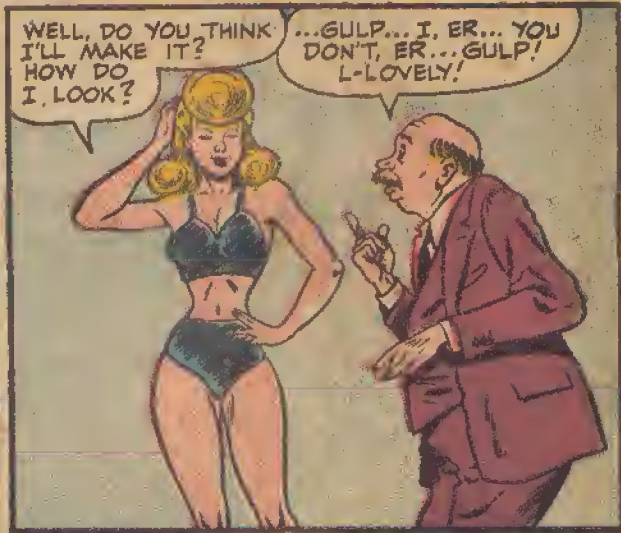
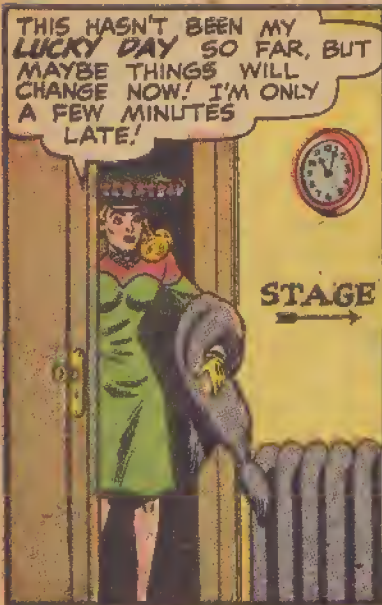


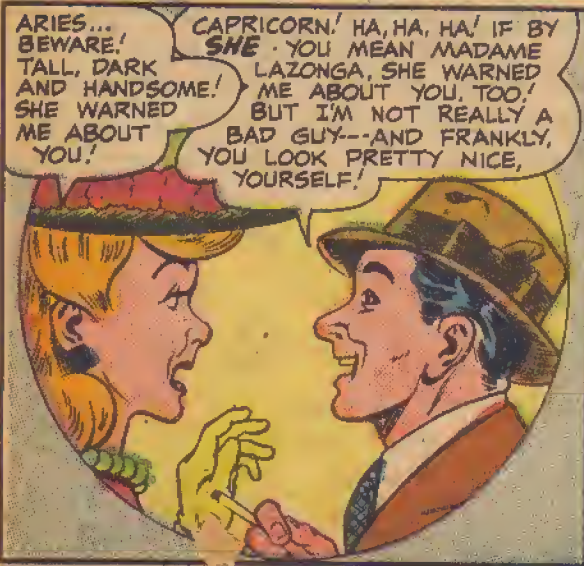
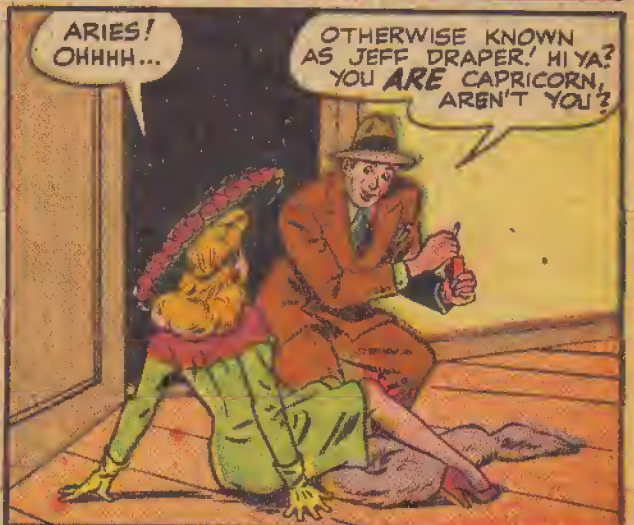
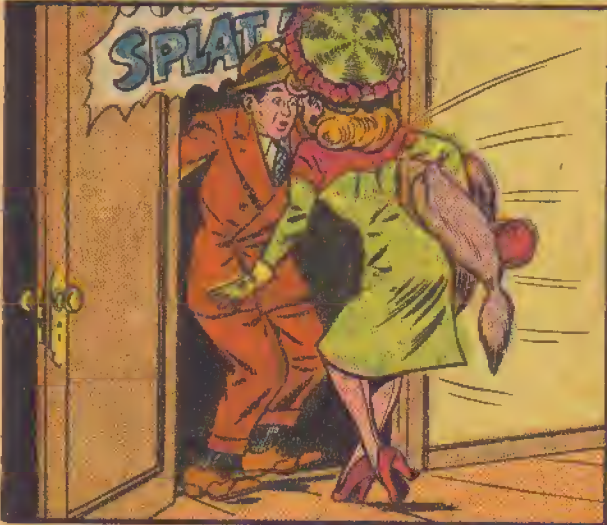
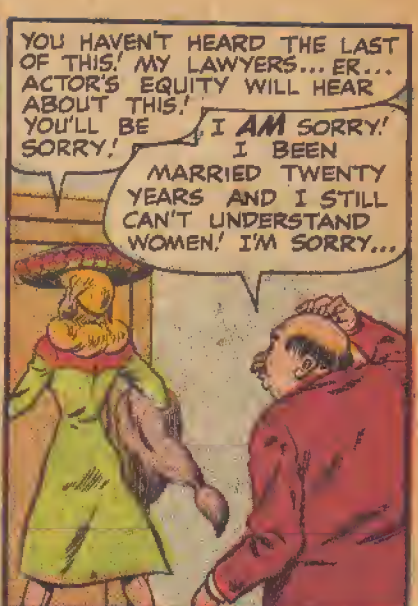
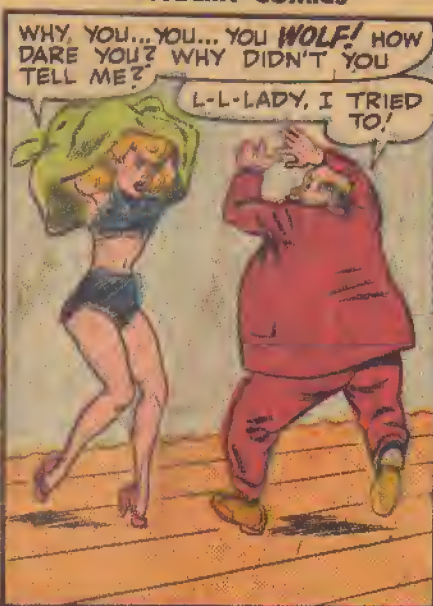
JUST LOOK AT THE TIME! I'LL BE LATE AT THE THEATRE! S'LONG, MADAME LAZONGA... AND THANKS!

GOODBYE, MY CHOO CHOO! AND REMEMBER WHAT I HAVE TOLD YOU!



MODERN COMICS





SALTY DOUBLE CROSS

FROM where they stood, high on the Nile bluffs, they could see the caravan of Oberth moving along the valley floor like a monstrous serpent. Sometimes it would vanish for a moment under the shimmering heat waves of Egypt's blazing sun; then it would reappear, clear and distinct in the bright light.

"Very disconcerting," said Capt. Hartzell, who headed up our own party. "But you stay in Egypt long enough and you get used to the little deceptions of light."

"And people," added Dick Merriek wryly.

"Yes, and people," agreed Hartzell. "But for all that, who can blame Oberth? He thinks he has just as much right to the Osiris as we have."

Which was an incontrovertible fact. Not that we didn't have some such prior claim to the Osiris. Capt. Hartzell's father, Prof. Charles Hartzell of the College of Cairo, had actually discovered the Osiris in a hidden cavern of the Lower Nile.

The fact that Prof. Hartzell hadn't ransacked the cavern long ere this was solely due to the war.

Now the war was over. And it would seem that Osiris would fall to the first man on the spot. Oberth, the German scientist, had got wind of Hartzell's find long before the war's end, and he had made up a party in advance of the professor.

"Thing I can't understand," said I, "is how Oberth got ahead of us. How did he know a shorter road to the caverns?"

Capt. Hartzell grinned. "Maybe it isn't a shorter road, Bob. Maybe it only looks shorter from where we're watching. Actually, we ourselves are not more than 100 miles from the cavern, as near as I can tell from the charts."

"Then let's be on our way!" I cried.

Capt. Hartzell lifted his hand and pointed. "Not so fast, Bob. What do you make of that?"

I looked where he was pointing. At first I could see nothing but the wavering line of

Oberth's caravan. Then I spotted a line of fast moving dots a few miles west of the caravan.

"Riders!" I exclaimed. "Who can they be?"

"If I'm not mistaken," replied Hartzell, "that will be old Ibn Kan's raiding party. Maybe Oberth will be slowed down a bit."

We watched. The moving dots rapidly drew nearer the caravan. Occasional bright flashes told us they were waving their guns as they raced along the desert on their fleet Arab horses.

"Look!" said Hartzell.

The Caravan had drawn up and now they were fast closing in a circle. They had seen the raiders and were preparing for them. Soon we could see puffs of white and black smoke issuing from rifles on both sides. It was too far away to hear the reports.

The raiders dashed in a circle around the halted caravan, firing in much the same manner as American Indians attacking a wagon train.

Then abruptly another, larger band of Arabs was galloping across the sand. Help for Oberth?

Not at all. Reinforcements for Ibn Kan.

Hartzell watched the now one-sided battle for a moment, then he said, "We can't let those desert devils wipe Oberth out. Come on!"

He mounted his big roan horse and spurred him. We all followed. What was he up to?

We soon knew. Hartzell was riding to help his professional enemy, Klaus von Oberth!

It took us better than thirty minutes to reach the scene of the raging battle. When the Arabs saw us coming, fully one hundred strong, they gave way and dashed for the rolling hills to the north.

Oberth had lost a half dozen men, but there were three times that number of raiders lying on the sand.

The German advanced from his tent with a hand stuck out. He had a bandage over his forehead.

"Capt. Hartzell!" he cried. "That was a most sporting gesture. You saved our lives, man!"

MODERN COMICS

Come, ask your men to dismount and we'll celebrate. You must join up with us. We'll hunt the Osiris together."

Hartzell shook hands, as we all did. Oberth was a polished chap. We entered his tent and sat down to coffee and trays of excellent food.

"Spectacular the way you chaps rode down that hill shouting and firing," chuckled Oberth. "You scared old Ibn Kan out of seven years' growth. Eat, men!"

Our combined caravans started out at dawn, winding south. Hartzell and Oberth rode together, chatting amiably. It felt good to be with such a large safari. No desert men would have the nerve to attack us. After all, it was my first caravan.

Sunset of the eighth day brought us to a low range of lava hummocks, and we halted for a sniff of the sharp air. Then we were on the way again, the horses slipping and sliding down the glassy sides of the hills. The camels, with their great padded feet, had no trouble at all.

Down below it was a stretch of flat sand that ended in a high escarpment of basalt cliffs.

Hartzell said, pointing. "That's it, gentlemen. In those cliffs is the cavern of Osiris."

The cavern of Osiris! How romantic it all sounded! Osiris, ancient queen of Egypt before the Ptolemy Dynasty. Before Cleopatra. Almost before history.

We made camp not far from the cavern, which yawned nearby. In the morning—

I think both Hartzell and Oberth secretly entered the cavern that night; I seemed to see tiny moving lights bobbing in the darkness. If they did, nothing was said by either the next morning. We were soon entering the great black hole.

It was twenty minutes' walk to the high, dry room supposed to hold the valuable Osiris. We came upon her abruptly, and the effect was startling. A ray of someone's flash fell smack upon her glimmering white figure, causing rainbows of color to scintillate from her gorgeous carving.

"Osiris!" I could not help gasp.

Oberth laughed. "Yes, old Osiris herself. Handsome old girl, what?"

I wondered what terms Hartzell and Oberth

had agreed upon. Naturally, we sought the statue for the Cairo Museum. The German wanted it for his own country.

I caught a sly gleam in Oberth's eye as the men gently picked up the heavy statue and carefully began the walk back to the entrance.

Osiris was wrapped in several thicknesses of soft woolen cloth, then heavy paper. Then she was placed in a net sling, with reinforcement stays, to make it easy to lash to a camel.

I was fired that night. I guess everyone was. And we all slept like the dead. When someone shouted toward dawn, I came out of the fog with a start.

"Oberth's gone!" cried a guard. "He and all his men have sneaked off and taken Osiris with them!"

Everyone was running for the horses when Hartzell halted them.

"Take it easy, boys," he said. "Oberth is well on his way. He'll be at the river by this time. He has boats waiting there, out in the middle of the Nile. He's given us the slip."

He was acting odd, I thought. "But what—" I began.

"Bob," said Hartzell, "get a half dozen men and follow me."

We entered the cavern and this time went beyond the room of Osiris to a flat surface of solid rock. Hartzell pressed a secret spring. The rock swung inward, revealing another room, in pitch dark. The lights showed us a gleaming Osiris standing on a pedestal!

"This is the real one," said Hartzell. "I didn't tell Oberth about it, of course; I had a hunch he would double-cross me. Pick her up, men, and easy!"

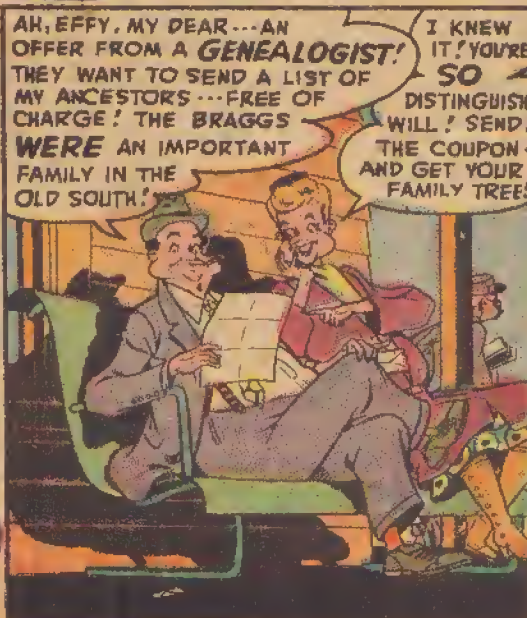
"But what was the one he got?" I demanded.

Hartzell grinned. "If you were with Oberth, you'd soon know—as he has found out by now."

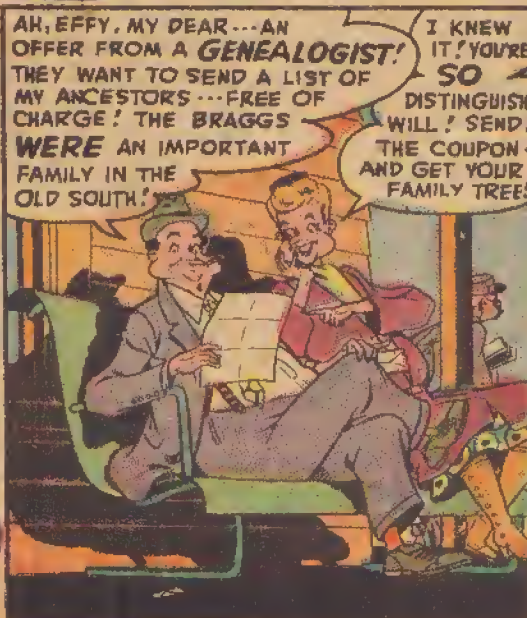
Oberth was in a rage. Half way across the stream, as they were making for the boats, the big wrapped statue—slung to a camel began acting strange. It rapidly lost its bulk, sagged, and at last was a mere bunch of sodden wrappings and loose ropes. The German ripped at the coverings and then swore.

"Verdant! Salt! A swindle. The statue is only salt!"

Will Bragg



Will Bragg



MODERN COMICS



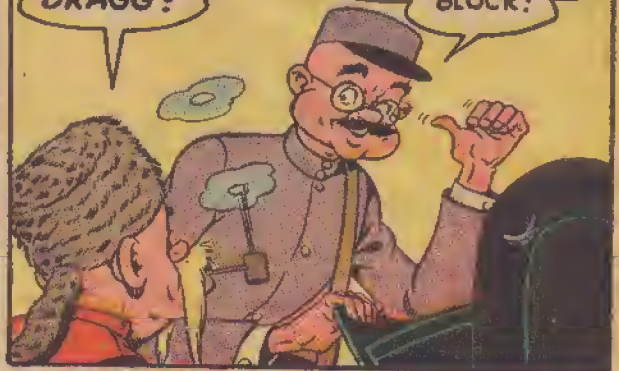
I KNOW, PAPPY... WE DID THINK WE'D KILT THE LAST OF THE ORNERY BRAGGS... BUT I HEERD THIS FELLER ADMIT HE WAS ONE OF 'EM.' BETTER CALL UNCLE GOOCH FROM POSSUM HOLLER! I'LL GET IN TETCH WITH CUZZIN MAYHEM MY OWN SELF! US TANTRUMS WILL WIPE OUT THE ANCIENT INSULT IN **BRAGG BLOOD!**

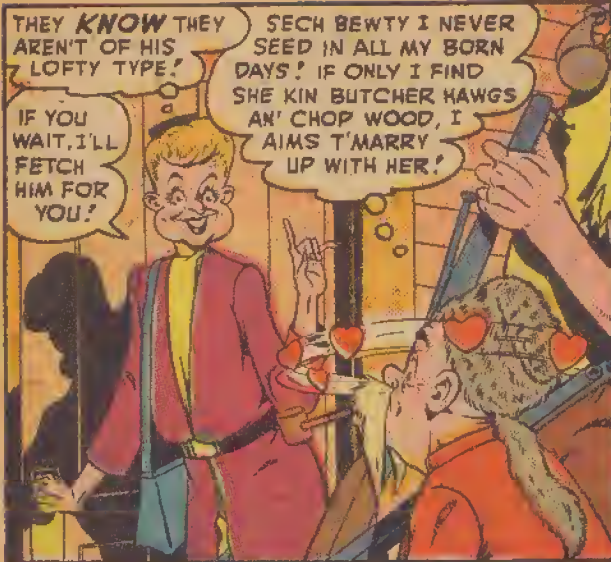
Next day, when the train rolls in

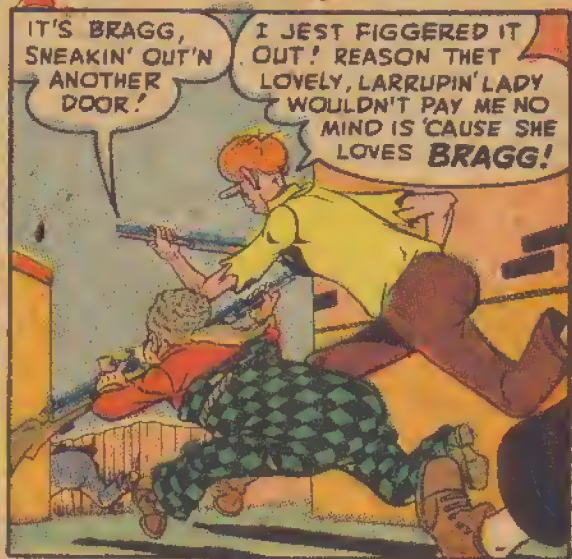
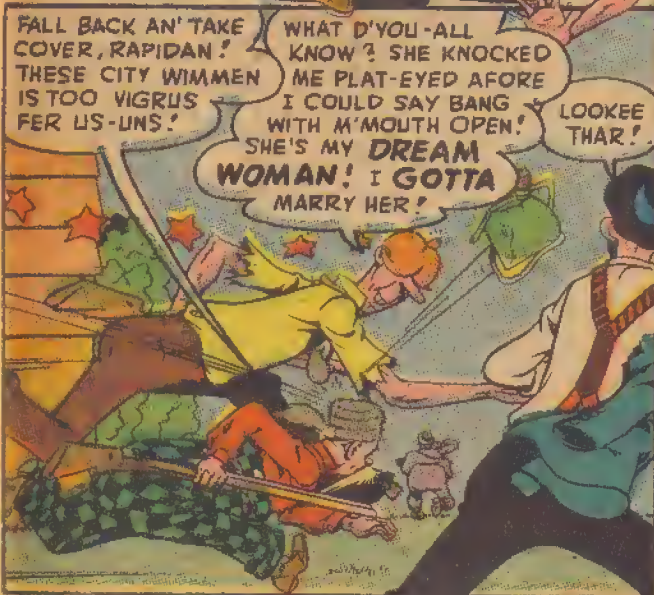


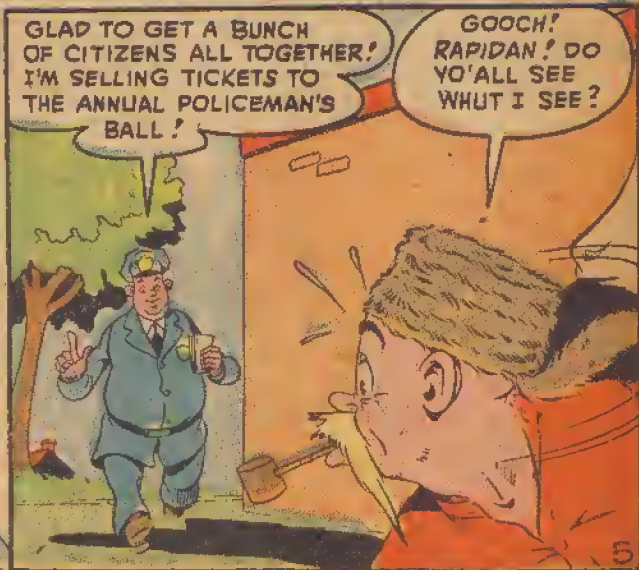
PARDON ME, SUH? KIN YOU-ALL TELL US WHAR-AT LIVES A NO' COUNT, GRAVE-CHEATIN', OVER-BEARIN', WUTHLESS FELLER NAME O' **BRAGG?**

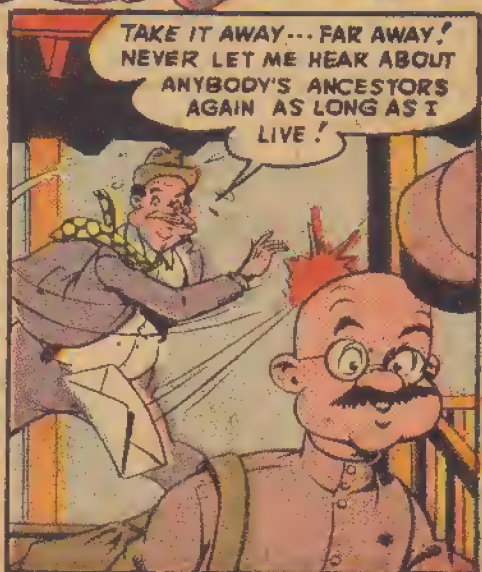
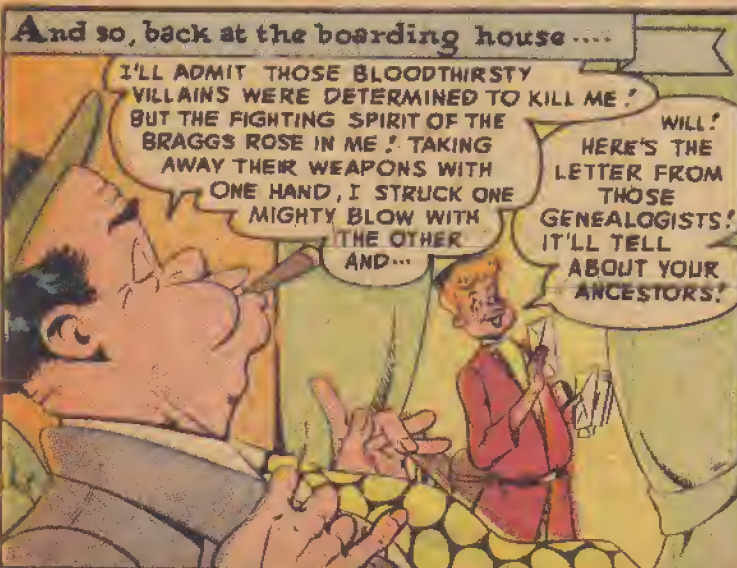
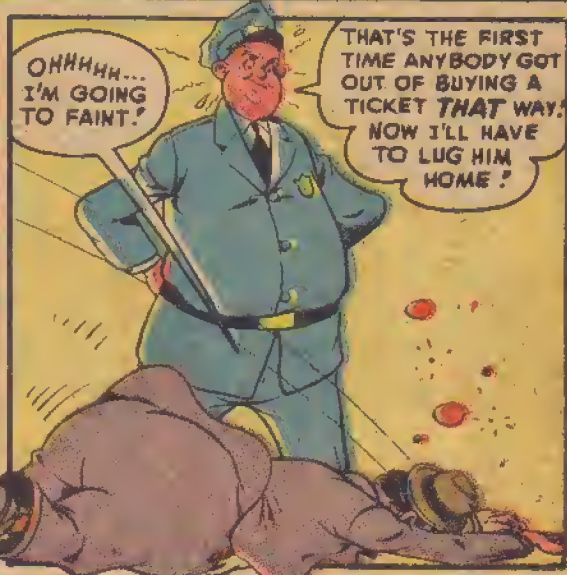
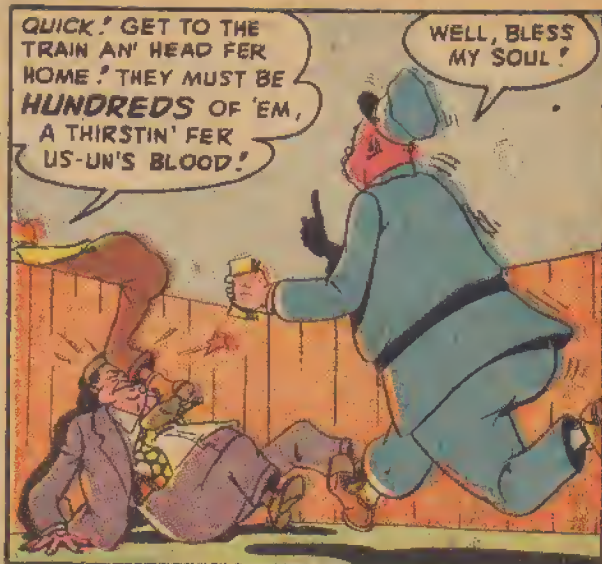
I NEVER HEARD A MORE ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF WILL BRAGG IN MY LIFE! HE BOARDS AT MRS. MAHOULAHAN'S RIGHT IN THE NEXT BLOCK!

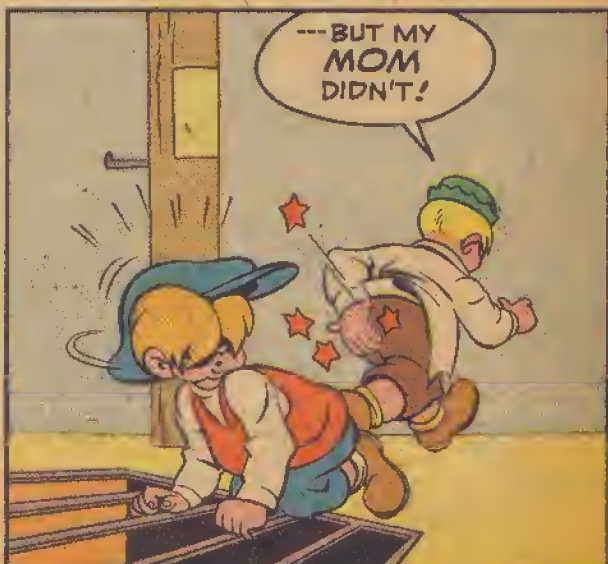
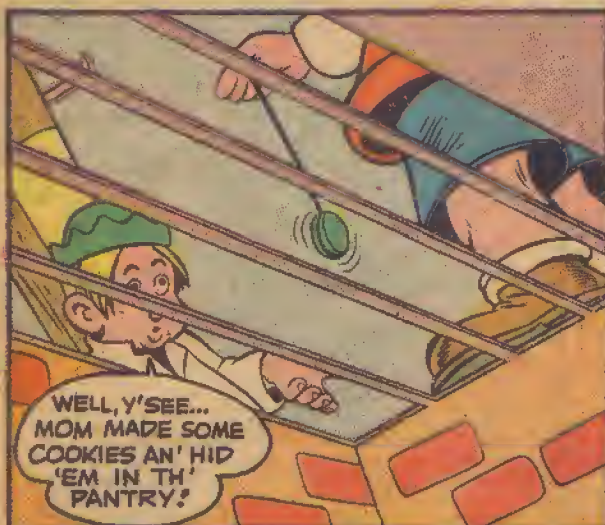










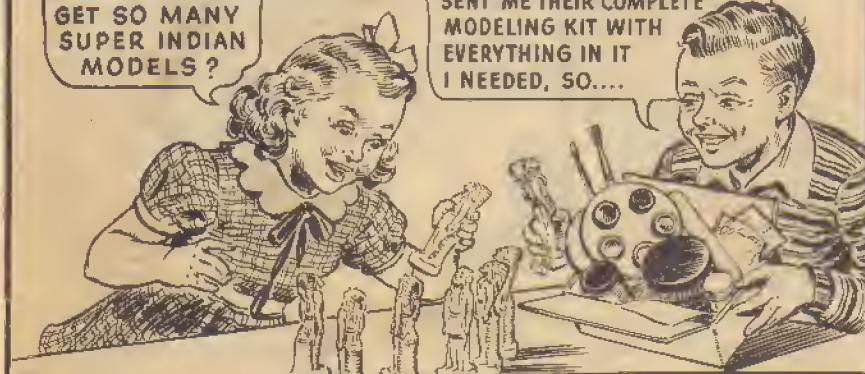


**BOYS!
GIRLS!**

Make Your Own Models OF DOGS, SOLDIERS—ANYTHING— THIS EASY NEW WAY!

HOW DID YOU
GET SO MANY
SUPER INDIAN
MODELS?

SIMPLE! RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS
SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE
MODELING KIT WITH
EVERYTHING IN IT
I NEEDED, SO....



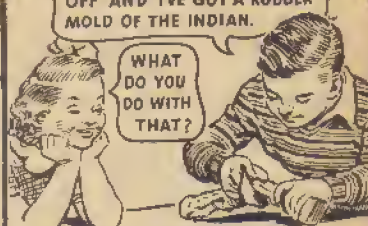
.... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!



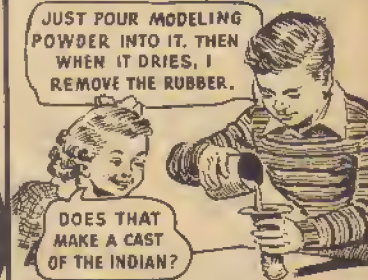
YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT
DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?



JUST POUR MODELING
POWDER INTO IT. THEN
WHEN IT DRIES, I
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?



YUP—JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLD... SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-
DER ME A KIT TODAY!



**NOW! NEW MOLD-ART KIT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU
NEED—FUN TO DO—EARN MONEY AT THE SAME
TIME . . . NO ART SKILL NEEDED**

Here's more fun and excitement than you've ever known before! This amazing Rubber-For-Molds complete Mold-Art Modeling Kit contains everything you need to reproduce statuettes, plaques or any other models quickly, easily and at a sensational low cost. Just coat any subject with the liquid rubber in the kit, allow it to dry, strip it off . . . and you have a mold that can be used to make hundreds of castings like original subject. Kit includes Indian warrior model to start you off. New improved illustrated, easy-to-follow book of instructions (50¢ value) makes it simple to make your own models. Start new fascinating hobby—even make it profitable! Order your introductory trial kit today.

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molding toys, novelties, statuettes, book-ends, etc. in spare hours. Great hobby brings fun and opportunity for big profits. Send coupon for trial kit including big new instruction book showing how to mold all kinds of objects today

SEND NO MONEY

Fill in coupon now to get your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Kit. Send no money. On arrival, pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage for the complete kit of 14 different items. Then follow the easy instructions. If you don't agree that this is the most exciting outfit you've ever seen, if you aren't delighted with the wonderful results you get, simply return the unused portion of your kit in 10 days and your money will be refunded immediately. Don't wait. Start this fascinating hobby, learn how to make extra spending money by mailing coupon right now.

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... Popular Prices In Pints, Quarts,
Gallons.

Kit contains 50¢ value Instruction Book, 14 Different Items—Everything You Need! Famous Indian warrior model in bright colors; generous supply of finest liquid rubber; molding powder; base on which to mount subject; shellac for fastening to base; brush for spreading rubber; extra brush; sandpaper; talcum for dusting; talcum pad; spatula; palette of colors to paint models.

RUSH THIS 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Inc., Dept. 53L
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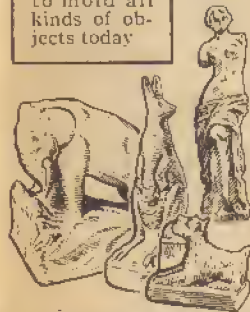
Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Modeling Kit, including 50¢ Instruction Book, for which I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus postage. (Send \$1.49 with order, we pay postage.) I will return Kit in 10 days if I am not satisfied and you will refund my \$1.49.

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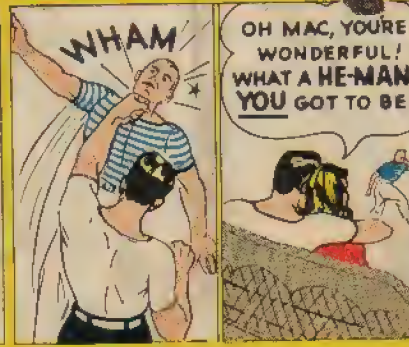
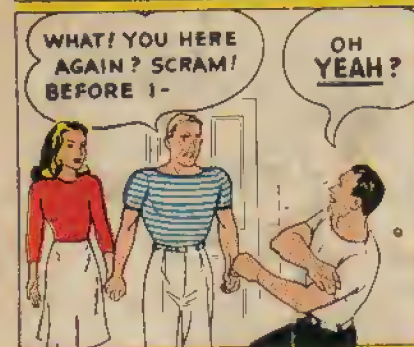
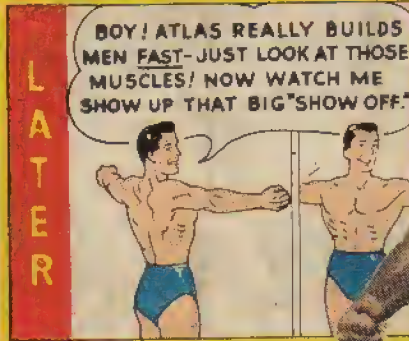
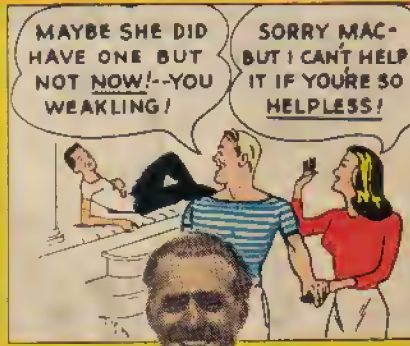
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HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too —in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people pity instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to PROVE I can make you a NEW MAN!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, peepless, 97 pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other scrawny, half-alive weaklings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy NATURAL method will

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3309, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



Charles Atlas

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(Please print or write plainly)

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